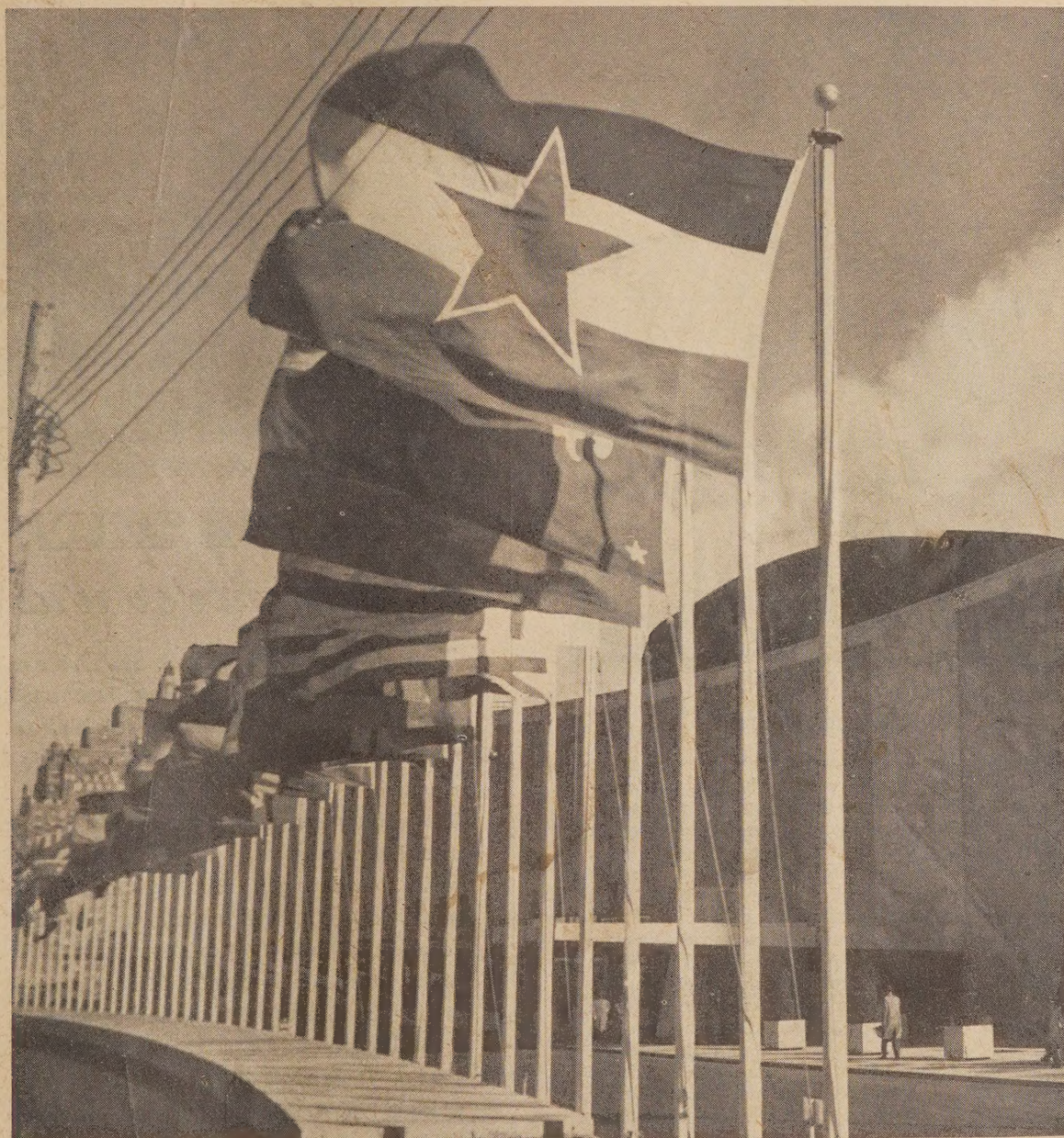


The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



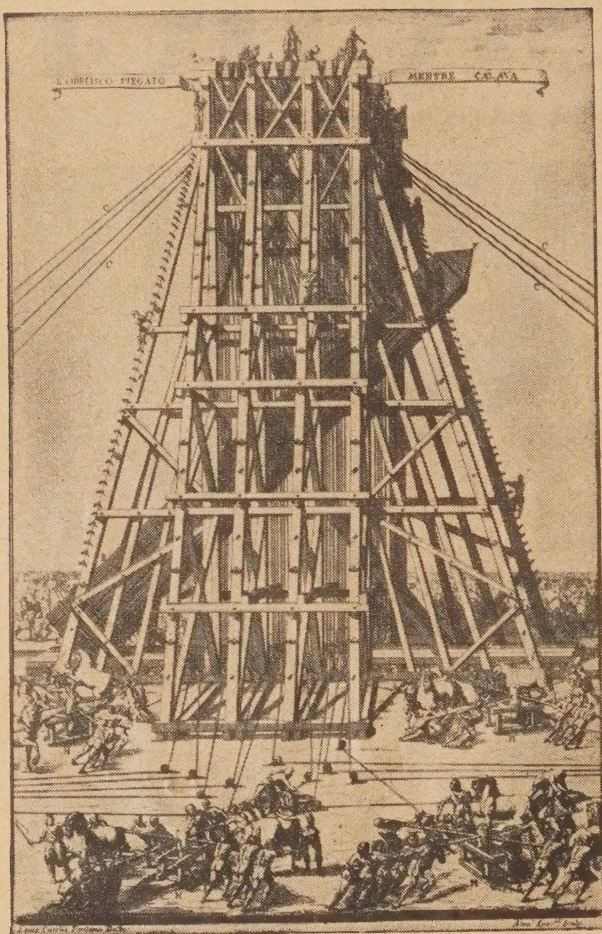
United Nations Week: flags of member states outside the west wall of the General Assembly building in New York (see 'The Case for the United Nations', by the Rt. Hon. Selwyn Lloyd, page 669)

In this number:

The Coming Elections in Central Africa (Harry Franklin)

Florence: Paradise of Exiles (Robert Furneaux Jordan)

The Dickens Story (Humphry House)



"Acqua alle corde!"

THE Obelisk in the Piazza di San Pietro in Rome was erected in 1586 with the help of 800 workmen and 140 horses. This detail from Carlo Fontana's engraving gives some idea of the splendid grandeur of the operation. It was a close thing, so the story goes. The architect had not allowed for the enormous strain on the ropes and their consequent stretching. But, though silence was imposed under pain of death, one of the workmen—a sailor from San Remo—shouted at the critical moment: "Acqua alle corde!" And the water on the ropes, tautening them, saved the day. These days the builder works with far more manageable materials. Some of the most versatile are made by the Building Boards Division of the Bowater Organisation. Made from compressed wood fibre, these boards are used, among a thousand other uses, as insulating materials in ceilings, as partitions in houses, as panelling in railway coaches or in ships... all over the world they are essential to the architect and builder of today.

Bowaters *An international organisation making paper, board and packaging materials that answer the needs of industry and trade throughout the world.*



THE BOWATER PAPER CORPORATION LIMITED
Great Britain • United States of America • Canada • Australia
South Africa • Republic of Ireland • Norway • Sweden



THE TIN *that never was*

TINS AREN'T TIN at all, but steel. The tin is a paint-thin coating on a steel container. We call the metal tinplate (and the opener a tin opener!) but it is still steel.

Tinplate making is one of the oldest crafts in Britain: the origin of the name "Britain" means "land of tin". The industry has grown mainly in South Wales over several hundred years by traditional methods of hand-rolling. Over the past fifteen years modern continuous plant has been brought into service in this country to cope with the vastly increased demand. At Ebbw Vale in Monmouthshire and later at Trostre in Carmarthenshire immense continuous mills have been installed.

Tinplate is counted by a "basis box" of approximately 100 lbs. These new mills have made possible an output which in 1952 reached a total of twenty million boxes of tinplate, or about one million tons.

STEEL is at your service

The Listener

Vol. L. No. 1286

Thursday October 22 1953

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:

The Foreign Ministers' Meeting and Trieste (Vernon Bartlett) ...	667
Factors in U.S. Policy (Charles Collingwood) ...	668
The Case for the United Nations (Rt. Hon. Selwyn Lloyd, M.P.) ...	669
The Coming Elections in Central Africa (Harry Franklin) ...	671
Atoms in Industry (Henry Seligman) ...	673
The New Dictionary of the Russian Language (Ivan Bilibin) ...	684

THE LISTENER:

Patronage and the Arts ...	674
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	674

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

Sir Winston Churchill as Historian (Maurice Ashley) ...	675
'Fog and Filthy Air' (Sylvia Gray) ...	675
Oranges and Lemons (Colin Fraser Brockington) ...	676
Walkabout (Beryl Miles) ...	676

LATIN AMERICA PAST AND PRESENT—II

A Continent Ransacked but Still Rich (G. J. Butland) ...	677
--	-----

ART:

The Critic's Task—II. The Art Critic (Eric Newton) ...	679
John Martin A to Z (Geoffrey Grigson) ...	692

TRAVEL:

Paradise of Exiles (Robert Furneaux Jordan) ...	681
---	-----

POEMS:

A Child Drawing a Picture (Hal Summers) ...	685
Summer Evening: Quebec (Patrick Anderson) ...	694
Autumn (Royston Burnett) ...	694

NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK

... ..	686
--------	-----

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From: Hubert Butler, S. K. Ratcliffe, C. Trenchard, J. F. Horrabin, J. Heyworth-Dunne, Allan M. Laing, Edgar P. Young, P. W. B. Semmens, Fred J. Mayers, and W. D. Morgan	689
---	-----

GARDENING: Autumn Shrubs (Tom Edridge) ...	691
--	-----

BIOGRAPHY: The Dickens Story (Humphry House) ...	693
--	-----

THE LISTENER'S BOOK CHRONICLE ...	695
-----------------------------------	-----

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television Documentary (Reginald Pound) ...	700
Television Drama (Philip Hope-Wallace) ...	700
Sound Drama (J. C. Trewin) ...	701
The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) ...	703
Music (Dyneley Hussey) ...	703

MUSIC: The Unknown Prokofiev (Edward Lockspeiser) ...	705
---	-----

BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ...	707
---	-----

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ...	707
---------------------------	-----

CROSSWORD NO. 1,225 ...	707
-------------------------	-----

The Foreign Ministers' Meeting and Trieste

By VERNON BARTLETT

ON the first floor in the Foreign Office, with windows facing over St. James's Park and the Horse Guards Parade, is the Secretary of State's room. It is there that Mr. Eden, Mr. Dulles, and M. Bidault have been meeting. The walls are covered with paper dotted with stars, but I do not suppose this is intended to have any kind of political significance. In any case these three men and their advisers are not particularly starry-eyed. They have lost most of their illusions: possibly too many.

On such occasions Mr. Eden sits at a long table with his back to the north wall of the room—to 10 Downing Street, in fact—with William Pitt, or at least William Pitt's bust, looking over his left shoulder. The French are on his left; the Americans on his right, nearly facing a huge portrait of King George III, whose refusal to make concessions to the growing American dislike of being governed from London had so much to do with the American War of Independence. The late Ernest Bevin once called the attention of an important American to this portrait: 'We British owe a lot to him', he said. 'If it hadn't been for him there would be nobody to lend us money'. On this occasion, as you know, the discussion has not been about money: or only indirectly so. It is true that one of the factors which had persuaded the British and American Governments previously to announce that they were going to pull their troops out of Trieste was that it is a costly business to keep them there—it costs the British about £2,000,000 a year, and they get far more kicks than ha'pence in return. But there seems to have been a much more important motive for the decision. According to the American newspapers, the aim was to persuade the Italian Government to ratify the European Defence Community agreement. The most important Italian newspaper, the *Corriere della Sera*, attributed the credit for the decision to Mrs. Clare Booth Luce, the United States ambassador in Rome.

What has gone wrong with Trieste, and why? In 1948, the three Governments whose Foreign Ministers have been meeting in Mr. Eden's room declared that, in their view, the whole Free Territory of Trieste

should be handed over to Italy: Zone A, now controlled by British and American troops, and also Zone B, administered by the Yugoslavs. That declaration was made in order to help the then Italian Prime Minister, Signor de Gasperi, to defeat the communists in the Italian elections. It was an unrealistic and opportunist declaration which has been a great nuisance to us ever since. The latest decision might, therefore, seem an improvement, since it admits the obvious fact that the Yugoslavs, who have now administered Zone B for eight years, could not be turned out of it without a war. So the British and American Governments decided that Zone B should be left to the Yugoslavs, but Zone A should be handed over to the Italians. This decision might possibly have been acceptable to the Yugoslavs if we had made it absolutely clear that the 1948 declaration was now become null and void, and that we should give less than no support to any Italian claim to more than Zone A. But in order to help the Italian Government to make what is, in some ways, a defeat look like a victory, we failed to make this clear, with the result that Signor Pella, the Italian Prime Minister, has assured his parliament that 'the acceptance of Zone A does not imply any abandonment of Italian claims on Zone B'.

Now look at it for a moment from the Yugoslav side. The Yugoslavs remember that they were our allies during the war, while the Italians were our enemies: also, that they actually occupied Zone A at the end of the war, but withdrew from it when the British arrived because Tito had reached a previous agreement with General Alexander that the British should administer it. While the British do administer it, the Yugoslavs do not grumble much. Tito had received several indications that Zone A would ultimately be handed over to Italy, but the sudden, public announcement that it was to take place at once caused him to react sharply and violently. He could not have done otherwise without losing a dangerous amount of prestige in his own country.

There are two other unfortunate aspects of this crisis. One is this: we have to some extent represented the United Nations in Trieste. Pending its success in appointing a governor of the two Zones, General

Winterton, the British Commander-in-Chief, has sent his periodical reports to the Security Council. The fact that the Anglo-American decision was not brought in any way to the United Nations has given Mr. Vyshinsky a wonderful opportunity of appearing as the defender of Yugoslavia, of the United Nations, and of the sanctity of treaties. Secondly, in the long run, economic factors must count. However nice it may be for the Italians in Rome to shout 'Trieste is ours', I cannot myself believe that the Italians of Trieste are going to gain. Venice is the natural port for the trade of north-east Italy, and Trieste can prosper only if it is on cordial terms with Yugoslavia and other countries farther north or east. The events of the last week can hardly be said to have encouraged cordiality.

So we have, on the one hand, Marshal Tito threatening war the moment the Anglo-American troops are replaced in Zone A by Italian ones, and, on the other, Signor Pella, the Italian Prime Minister, threatening to resign if the Anglo-American pledge to hand Zone A to Italy is not carried out. And it is made clear that Signor Pella's successor would be most unlikely to ratify the European Defence Treaty. In the circumstances, the withdrawal of the Anglo-American forces will have to be a masterpiece of slow movement, while the three Foreign Ministers try to soothe these ruffled feelings. I should be dishonest if I did not express my belief that the British and American Governments would not have got themselves in this mess if they had not acted from opportunist motives, and that such motives never pay in the long run. They naturally want to get the European Defence Treaty in operation

as soon as possible, for the military unity of all the non-communist powers depends upon it. But an alliance is not likely to be of much use if its signature spreads hostility between the allies.

The three Foreign Ministers had hoped to exchange views on general policy, especially in Germany and Korea, towards Russia and China. But they have found most of the time taken up by this urgent problem of Trieste. I think it is true, however, that they have been more nearly in agreement on these questions than they had expected. Certainly their Note to Russia contains no hint of an unwillingness to get down to real negotiations, and the Americans were unwilling only a few months ago. My American friends admit that the Russian possession of the hydrogen bomb may have something to do with this. In any case, no other Note from the Western Powers to Russia has been so polite and so persuasive. The previous conditions about free elections in Germany before the reunification of the country could be considered—those previous conditions have been dropped. The Western Powers point out that most obstacles to agreement mentioned in the Soviet Note of September 28 are already being discussed at the United Nations or are down for discussion by the political conference on Korea. They do not even exclude the possibility of a later meeting of the Big Five—that is to say, a meeting which would include communist China, which the Russians suddenly demanded in their last Note. If we do not get down to discussions with the Russians on November 9—the new date suggested—the blame will certainly not be with Mr. Eden, Mr. Dulles, and M. Bidault.—*Home Service*

Two Factors in U.S. Policy

By CHARLES COLLINGWOOD

AT the moment, two great factors influencing American policy are the hydrogen bomb and the Budget. The evidence that Soviet Russia possesses the hydrogen bomb has had a profound effect on American thinking. The possibility of almost unlimited destruction and the extreme difficulty of effective defence have struck the American imagination with great impact. American officials, as anyone who follows the American scene must know, have reacted with dazzling variety to this new feature of international life. But the gravity with which they regard it is unmistakable. A new policy for the hydrogen age has not been worked out, but the fact of the hydrogen bomb has heightened the sense of urgency about such existing concepts as the European Defence Community, for instance. It has also increased the American sense of danger, and has caused us to regard the Russians even more gingerly.

Anxiety over the Russian hydrogen bomb has run bang into another basic element in American policy: the Budget. The Budget, or, to be more precise, balancing the Budget, has become a symbolic factor of great significance in American thinking ever since the present Administration came to power. Balancing the Budget is a prime, almost the prime, consideration to President Eisenhower and his advisers. In fact, you could say that one of the main differences between this present Republican Administration and the previous Democratic one is in their attitude towards the Budget.

The Democrats, like most Americans, spring from a thrifty tradition and favoured a balanced Budget, but they were often willing to postpone it because a good many things seemed more important to them than balancing the Budget: things like national defence, mutual security, and development of national resources. But the Republicans, and the present Administration, believe that almost nothing is more important than balancing the Budget. A powerful group within the Republican Party believes that the danger of Russian aggression is not as great as the danger that the United States may come to grief through over-spending. Therefore, every effort has been bent toward holding down government expenditure, particularly in the area of national defence. However, the shocking realisation that Russia has the hydrogen bomb has caused heavy pressure to increase, rather than decrease, defence preparations in the United States. Thus a staunch Administration supporter, Congressman Cole of New York, who is Chairman of the Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, said recently that he favoured spending \$10,000,000,000 more for defence. 'I don't find it hard to choose between financial ruination for my country and atomic devastation', he said.

There are those who are not sure that those are the true alternatives—financial ruination or atomic devastation—but a large debate

about it is now going on in the United States. So those two things, the hydrogen bomb and the Budget, are much on Secretary Dulles' mind these days, and colour his thinking on a great variety of problems which might not seem, at first glance, to be directly connected.

Then there is the ever-present matter of domestic politics, which bedevils the Administration, of which Mr. Dulles is a part. Everyone knows that the President, and some elements of his own party, do not see precisely eye to eye on matters of foreign policy. The President is still trying to reconcile, rather than bully, the discordant factions in Congress. His attitude towards Congress and Congress' towards him, is further affected by the fact that a congressional election is to be held next year. Until a few days ago the President's party entertained the most sanguine hopes about the outcome. However, this week, in a by-election in Wisconsin, a man running flat-footed in support of President Eisenhower and his policies was roundly defeated by a Democrat in a district which had never returned a Democrat before. True enough, the issue turned on agricultural policy, in which the new Administration has not had conspicuous success, but the warning struck fear in the hearts of the President's political advisers. No one knows how much ground the Republicans have lost in the country, or whether they have really lost any. Every public opinion survey shows that President Eisenhower himself is still as popular as ever, but the presidency is not at stake next year; and the signs have always been that his party, by and large, is not as popular as he is. The Republican hold on Congress is very narrow: the loss of a comparatively few seats would return power in Congress to the Democrats; would permit them to organise the House of Representatives and the Senate.

Faced with this prospect, the Republicans are bound to redouble their efforts to gain support; that is the way politics work. In terms of policy that means that unconsciously, as well as consciously, every venture will be looked at in terms of its effect on public opinion, and its chances of popularity. The present Administration is firmly and irrevocably committed to the ideal of international co-operation. The reduction of international tensions is one of its guiding principles. It not only believes that nations with whom the United States is associated have a right to put forward independent policies, but it is prepared to find merit in some of them. However, Mr. Dulles is finding it difficult to implement all of this. He finds himself in the unenviable position of trying to devise a policy which at once takes into account the Russian possession of the hydrogen bomb, strengthens American security, promotes European unity, is fair to America's allies, is popular at home, acceptable to all factions of the Republican Party and, above all, is cheap.—*From a talk in the Home Service*

The Case for the United Nations

By the Rt. Hon. SELWYN LLOYD, M.P., Minister of State

WHEN you are listening to these remarks* I shall be in an aircraft on my way across the Atlantic to New York, to rejoin the United Kingdom delegation at the United Nations. Some of you may be dissatisfied with the United Nations, and say to yourselves, 'It's a waste of time. Nothing but talk, talk, talk: for all the good it does it might as well be scrapped'. Some of you, on the other hand, may be loyal members of the United Nations Association, fighting a rather uphill battle to create interest in the United Nations. Some of you, no doubt, are quite indifferent about the whole business.

Whatever your views, I am glad to have the chance of talking to you about the United Nations, and I will try to give you my views as simply as possible. The first basic fact is this. Whether we like it or not, our lives are overshadowed by the possibility of a third world war. That, if it came, would bring ruin to our hopes, ambitions, home, children, security, career, and all the rest. It would be the end of all that for each one of us. Most ways of trying to preserve peace have already been tried unsuccessfully. The only chance for lasting peace in the world is to build up respect for the rule of law in international affairs; respect for a code of rules enforced by a world organisation endowed with the necessary power and authority.

The League of Nations was founded with high hopes after the first world war. Those hopes were not fulfilled. Now we are having another shot at making a success of a world organisation: this time, with the advantage of United States and Soviet Union membership from the beginning. How is it getting on? What kind of balance sheet of its eight years of life can be presented, showing successes and failures? These questions can best be answered by looking in turn at the main tasks of the United Nations, and considering how it has faced up to them. Its primary job is to work for a situation in which aggression, that is to say an armed attack by one country on another, does not take place. If, in spite of all, aggression does occur, then it is of the utmost importance that the organisation should be prepared to take or to authorise action against the aggressor. Small, and indeed large, countries will be encouraged to stand up to pressure only if they know there is a world authority, backed by powerful states, able and willing to go into action quickly should an aggression be committed.

The conflict in Korea was undertaken by the United Nations in execution of this duty: to offer collective resistance to aggression. The decision by the Security Council on June 26, 1950, to intervene in Korea was a decisive step towards the organisation of world peace. It was in discharge of this obligation to resist aggression that fifty-three nations subsequently endorsed that decision, declaring North Korea to be an aggressor; that sixteen nations sent combatant forces

to Korea and other member-states helped in a variety of ways; although it is appropriate to remember that the United States bore by far the greatest burden.

The aggression in Korea was met, stopped, and driven back from whence it came by the United Nations. We rejoice that a truce has now at length been arranged. We hope and pray that the truce will be turned into an enduring peace. The important point is that the nations of the world should now know that if another similar aggression takes place similar action to resist it will also be taken. This is not an anti-communist attitude: it applies to all aggression, from whatever source it may come. And by this single action, even if the United Nations had done nothing else, it would have justified its existence.

The second task of the United Nations is to conciliate: to intervene in disputes between nations with the hope that ways can be found to prevent those disputes from developing into active hostilities. It was in large measure owing to the conciliatory processes of the United Nations that fighting was stopped in Greece, in Kashmir, and in Palestine, and the Security Council is at present seeking to help in more than one dispute. They are trying at this Assembly to deal with the removal of Chinese Nationalist troops from Burma, where their presence is causing friction which might lead to hostilities between states. The value of this work is obvious. It is not always successful; even when successful it is soon forgotten. Nevertheless, in the past eight years substantial results have been achieved in this field.

The third task is to provide a forum, a parliament, a talking place where disputes can be ventilated and nations can blow off steam. Some of you, I am sure, grow bored with propaganda speeches, usually designed for domestic consumption. I suffer from it as much as anybody, because in the political committee I sit in the seat next to Mr. Vyshinsky. On occasion I have to listen to him for three hours



United Nations observers showing the United Nations flag before crossing a hill on the cease-fire line in Kashmir



Serologist of the World Health Organisation takes a sample from a child patient in Indonesia during the campaign against the disease called 'yaws'

on end, and usually it is a pretty steady torrent of denunciation. I agree that this kind of speech must seem very unconstructive. On the other hand, the very fact that Mr. Vyshinsky comes to the United Nations and has to deploy publicly the Russian case, is a benefit. I do not think that the causes which we have at heart have suffered at all from this process.

I agree that the United Nations sometimes indulges in debates which only exacerbate hard feelings and does it at times when the least said publicly the better. It often seeks to intervene in matters which are outside the scope of the Charter. Nevertheless, in spite of these weaknesses, I am sure that on balance it is a good thing to have these discussions at the United Nations and for it to provide a place where contact is maintained with representatives of the countries of the Soviet bloc from whom we differ so much: a place where we come into contact with them, argue with them and, occasionally, meet them socially. I am sure it is to the good even if it does tax some people's patience. After all, while talking is taking place there is less likely to be fighting.

Parallel with these three tasks of repressing aggression, of conciliation, and of providing a place for international debate, there is the social, economic, and humanitarian work of the United Nations. Too little is known in this country about this work, done by organisations like the World Health Organisation and Technical Assistance Board. Their programmes are an attempt to unite the technical skill and experience of the developed countries with the almost limitless natural resources and manpower of the under-developed countries. This attempt to raise living standards is a necessary complement to the political work of the United Nations, for hunger, poverty, disease, and ignorance will ruin the best political settlements.

Let me give one individual example of the work that has been done in this field. A man, a woman, and a child in Siam were suffering from a painful disease prevalent in tropical countries known as yaws. The man had it on the palms of his hands. He could not grip an implement of any kind. The woman had it in her mouth; she could not eat and had to live on liquids sucked through a straw. The boy, aged twelve, had been unable to walk for eight years because of this disease on the soles of his feet. Within a fortnight after being given treatment in a clinic set up by the World Health Organisation the man was working in the fields, the woman was eating normally, and the boy was again learning to walk. Those three are typical of hundreds and thousands of other cases being dealt with by United Nations agencies.

Some people may say that that is not very impressive when one is thinking of world peace or war. Isn't it? I believe that this sort of work, which goes on day by day in many parts of the world under the auspices of the United Nations, in addition to the relief of human misery, helps to give the United Nations the prestige and authority which it must have if it is to succeed. Successes in this field are the victories of peace. During this week the United Nations Association is holding meetings throughout the country to bring to the attention of the public the record and activities of the United Nations. I hope that you will support that campaign, and when considering whether the United Nations has already proved a success or a failure, take into account what I have said. We are all profoundly disappointed that the world is not more peaceful, that armaments are still necessary, that

war has not been outlawed, but we must not lose faith or hope. It took many generations to build up the rule of law in the United Kingdom. It will take time to do the same thing internationally. Unfortunately, we have to work against time, because of the rapidity of the development of modern science and of new means of mass destruction. And we must face the fact that there is a deep division in the world today along the line of the Iron Curtain.

Her Majesty's Government are doing all in their power to create conditions for an easement in the relations between the free world and the countries of the Soviet bloc. A big step forward was taken when the fighting stopped in Korea. It was proved that a limited agreement with the communists is possible. We are now working for a conference with them on Germany and Austria, and we are seeking to set up the political conference on Korea. We are ready to join with them in giving reality to the discussions in the United Nations Disarmament Commission. We are ready to pursue any methods to reduce international tension, from a four-power meeting at the highest level to negotiations on even the smallest issue. This does not mean that we

should in any way renounce our loyalty to the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, which is the main buttress of peace in Europe at the present time. Nor does it mean that it would be wise for us to relax our defence efforts. It would be folly for this country to be unarmed in an armed world. But the Soviet leaders have said that they are desirous of peaceful co-existence with us and our allies. The passage of time and deeds will prove how much importance is to be placed upon those words. In the period during which we cannot yet be certain we must try to maintain the momentum behind the relaxation of tension which has taken place this year. It is a decisive period in our evolution, when the whole future may hang in the balance, when small happenings may tip the scale one way or the other.



The United Nations Political Committee in session. Right front, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and Mr. Vyshinsky sit side by side

The United Nations cannot produce sensational results. There is no single comprehensive cure for the ills affecting the world. But the United Nations can help to improve the international atmosphere. It can refrain from acrimonious debates; it can reflect the general wish for peace; it can give opportunities for co-operation between conflicting systems. It can continue the practical work to which I have referred. It can make clear that swift retribution awaits aggression. And, as we reduce tension and settle disputes, we must build up the authority of the United Nations. Whatever action we may be able to take to preserve peace in the short run, in the long term, lasting peace can only come if we succeed in constructing, in the Prime Minister's words, 'a world instrument for preserving peace, justice, and freedom among the nations'. Support of the United Nations is a basic fact in the foreign policy of our country, agreed by all parties, and I ask for your support for it, and for your faith in it, believing, as I do, that man's survival depends ultimately upon the success of our efforts to make this world instrument effective.—Home Service

'Science is a major human activity; and both scientists and laymen make too little effort to see it in proportion'. This sentence is from the introduction to *Science in Perspective* by Denys Thompson (Murray, 7s. 6d.) containing passages of contemporary writing—the authors are in the main scientists—on the nature and methods of science, its effect on civilisation, its values and relationships with other branches of thought. The book suggests useful correctives for those who allow themselves to applaud uncritically the wonderful achievements of science and technology.

The Coming Elections in Central Africa

By HARRY FRANKLIN

THE first federal elections in Central Africa will be held about December 15 and the territorial or 'state' elections a few weeks later. The three countries, Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, each with a different system of government, present, both separately and as a federal whole, a confused political tangle rather difficult for any outsider to unravel.

But it can be unravelled, to reveal one main thread which is the dominant theme in all three territories and in both state and federal elections: and that is the problem of racial policy. Several conflicting views about the future relationship of Africans and Europeans have been forced into the forefront by federation. They are held with a passionate conviction, based ultimately on fear. It is these conflicting views which account for the emergence of European political parties in the two protectorates, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, which have never had parties before, and have no suitable political structure on which to base them. It is this fear which has now impelled Africans into political activity, constitutional and otherwise.

Southern Rhodesia

Consider first Southern Rhodesia, which has been a self-governing colony with a near-Dominion status since 1923. Here, for thirty years, political events have followed a recognisable democratic pattern, at least as far as the Europeans are concerned. The United Party is in power, with the Rhodesian Party providing the main and rather weak opposition. Mr. Garfield Todd has recently replaced Sir Godfrey Huggins as leader of the United Party and Prime Minister, as Sir Godfrey now leads an Interim Federal Ministry, which is in process of creating the federal machinery for the full Federal Government to take over after December. The choice of Mr. Garfield Todd is interesting. He was for many years a missionary, is now a farmer, and is an expert on native affairs. He has hitherto not been a very prominent member of the Southern Rhodesian parliament, and it is possibly a sign of the United Party's growing liberalism, and perhaps of their recognition that difficulties with the African population are likely to arise, that they have made him their leader.

Then there are, in so comparatively small an electorate, a surprising number of minor opposition or independent parties—the Rhodesian Labour Party, the Southern Rhodesia Labour Party (the two differ over native labour problems), the Dominion Party, and the Union Party. Some of these have not even got a representative in parliament, but the effervescence of federation is stirring them to life. The Rhodesian Labour Party is talking about campaigning federally as well as territorially, and one or two of the others are talking about mergers.

Here we come to some of the confusion, because some parties are keeping the same name for territorial as well as federal politics, while others, like the United Party, which Sir Godfrey Huggins has changed to the Federal Party for federal purposes, have not. And what the lesser parties, still changing their minds occasionally, will do, I doubt if anyone will know much before nomination day. But there has, over federation, emerged yet another party, possibly a very important party, and one which will enter both the territorial and the federal lists under the same name; this is the Confederate Party. It is worth discussing in more detail because, if it should acquire a stronger following than it has at the moment, I believe it may well become the main opposition party, and clinch the recent move for a merger between the United Party and its present opposition, the Rhodesian Party, which would alter the political scene considerably. That move, however, seems at the moment to have got stuck in the dangerous sands of native policy.

The Confederate Party is led by Mr. Dendy Young, the Southern Rhodesian Queen's Counsel, who was a bitter opponent of federation on the grounds that it would give the African too much power. Expounding his party's policy a few weeks ago, Mr. Young said:

The basis of the policy is the political and land separation of the European and native peoples. The only alternative policy is that of integration, the gradual eroding of land and political barriers and the projection of the native from savagery to European civilisation in a

matter of a few years, with its conclusion of bitter social strife. . . . The policy of separation is one of realism. . . . It allows the European to continue the development of his political institutions in his own area unhampered by the inclusion of a politically immature element. It allows the native to develop well and surely and in the guidance of such political institutions as suit his stage of development, without forcing the pace and under conditions which he is equipped to understand.

As far as I can see, this separation policy differs in no way at all from the South African *apartheid* policy. I know two of its leading promoters in Northern Rhodesia very well and have no doubt they sincerely believe such a policy to be in the best interests of Africans, though that, perhaps, is not their main concern. The fact remains that, other considerations apart, it seems hardly practicable unless the white man does all his own work in the white areas, which is not proposed. How strong is this party's following, and how will it fare in the federal and state elections? Presumably Mr. Dendy Young will be followed by most of those Southern Rhodesians—one-third of the white population—who voted against federation at the referendum; and although there was no referendum in the North, they were not all in favour of federation there either. So it seems to me that the Confederate Party might in fact produce a fairly strong opposition in both the Southern Rhodesian and federal parliaments. As time goes by, if these governments preserve a liberal partnership policy—and if they do not they will have trouble from the Africans—the Confederates will increasingly attract the South Africans who form at least half the population of Central Africa. It would not take much to sway the balance in a Southern Rhodesian parliament of only thirty members and a federal parliament of only thirty-five, and we would then have a South African policy being pursued by the Central African Federation—a state of affairs which federation was designed to prevent. But for the time being my guess is that the Southern Rhodesians will back Sir Godfrey Huggins and his party in the federal elections as well as his followers in the state elections.

African political activity, until recently, was virtually non-existent. It is still badly co-ordinated, though most of the quasi-political African societies have now amalgamated into two main organisations which seem to get on together fairly well. Southern Rhodesia has the most potentially capable political leaders in Central Africa. Men like Joshua Nkomo, who has a South African degree, and is President of the African Railway Workers Union—which is not legally recognised but is allowed by the government—have much greater ability than any of their fellows in the protectorates. These Southern Rhodesian African political leaders have expressed their antagonism to federation which they regard from a pan-African nationalist viewpoint as another move to perpetuate white domination in Africa generally, though it does not affect them as they are already away from Colonial Office 'protection'. They have had several meetings with the African political leaders of the protectorates and even promised them support in any passive resistance campaign that may be organised. They have talked with their Northern colleagues about forming a Central African National Congress.

'Political Agitation'

All this is regarded by the Southern Rhodesian Government as political agitation—understandably enough, since there is almost no constitutional outlet for African political expression. But it is not taken very seriously. A hint that it could become serious can perhaps be inferred from the prosecution of Joshua Nkomo a few months ago for possessing communist literature, though he was discharged with a caution. But it is unlikely that the two Southern Rhodesian Africans who will take seats in the federal parliament will be drawn from these present political leaders, since they will be elected by the ordinary voters of the country, who are nearly all white.

The two Africans who will be elected will probably be of the type of Mr. Savanha, an able man, editor of a group of Bantu newspapers. There are many things that Savanha does not like in Southern

Rhodesia, but his policy is to struggle to get the native *élite* integrated into European society with its rights and privileges, as against Mr. Nkomo's policy to fight for the masses. Mr. Savanha therefore fits in with the official theory that the Common Voters Roll will increasingly give to Africans, as they become more prosperous and civilised, equal political rights.

No Elections in Nyasaland

Although the elections in Southern Rhodesia will at least follow a recognisable democratic pattern, that is not so in the Protectorate of Nyasaland, where in fact there will not be any elections. In Nyasaland, with only 4,000-odd Europeans in the country, very few of them permanent settlers, the Governor of course heads the Executive and Legislative Councils, and members are nominated, not elected, to them. And the same principle of nomination will apply in sending members to the federal parliament. Sir Malcolm Barrow, leader of the European Unofficial members, has introduced Nyasaland to its first and only political party, the Federal Party, but about what or against whom it can campaign nobody knows.

The real interest in Nyasaland, apart from this rather anomalous situation of the Europeans, is in the growing African politics. For Nyasaland Africans, used so long to being British-protected persons in a country comparatively free of the problems of industrialisation, federation came as a rather sudden shock and their reaction has therefore been more violent than in the other two territories. Many Nyasaland Africans feel that federation is a threat to the whole of their future development and that the Colonial Office is betraying their trust. They fear, of course, that federation will mean white domination, and the Nyasaland African Congress and some of the chiefs have threatened a campaign of passive resistance, and in spasms have practised civil disobedience of various kinds. A few weeks ago, over the farm squatter system (but Congress and the general federation *malaise* was behind it), there was some violence and shooting.

A recent government *communiqué* said that all chiefs but two had repudiated Congress and that a number of Africans had decided to form a Nyasaland Progressive Association to co-operate in federation, and that this was considered to be the death knell of Congress and possibly an end to the opposition to federation. The Nyasaland Congress, on the other hand, claim that the proposers of this association are a few civil servants put up to it by the Government. Certainly, to me, the Government *communiqué* looks like wishful thinking. I have seen, at many African meetings, the intense, passionate dislike that chiefs, educated Africans, and the artisan classes have of federation, and they are the people the ignorant tribal African follows. African political moves are at present inexperienced and rather bewildered. They will hold, for example, a meeting to plan some joint demonstration, and it does not materialise; the organisation is not good enough. Some chiefs refuse to co-operate with the Government and persuade their people to do the same, and the Government takes firm action, arrests a chief or two, and the others get frightened and cry off. In all the frustration, recrimination, and confusion, some incident starts a riot, there are some casualties, and then the situation quiets down. I do not believe we have seen the end of these things; perhaps only the beginning, unless the Federal Government quickly allays African fears and finds some means of assuring them of their social, economic, and political advancement.

Turning to Northern Rhodesia, in the past the interests of most of the white population centred on copper, and it is really only since the federation that politics became important for the ordinary man and woman. Now, things are happening, but in a rather unco-ordinated way, except for the activities of the Federal Party, led by Sir Roy Welensky. This is the Northern Rhodesian division of the Central African Federal Party, but, unlike its associates in Southern Rhodesia, the United Party, it is campaigning for seats in both federal and territorial legislatures. The President of this Federal Party is Sir Godfrey Huggins, and the prestige and following of Sir Godfrey and Sir Roy thus combine to make this party almost certainly the most powerful in the new federal parliament. Northern Rhodesia has never had any political parties before, though it has at least had its elections for the ten elected Europeans (now to be twelve) on its Legislative Council.

However, political parties have now started. The Confederate Party, with its policy of racial separation, is here, as in the South, and is campaigning for both elections. There is now talk of a Northern

Rhodesian Independent Labour Party, based on the Copperbelt, entering the field. It may make quite a difference. It is the European miners and artisan classes that are most adamant in preserving the economic colour bar, a purpose which the Northern Rhodesian Labour Party (despite its name) would presumably follow. If representatives of these classes—and one of them won the last by-election—succeeded in getting in, in any numbers, to the federal and territorial legislatures, it would make even more difficult whatever attempts are going to be made to devise a partnership policy acceptable to both races; and there would consequently be an increasing danger of serious African unrest. The difficulty would be even greater in the Northern Rhodesian legislature, where major affairs concerning Africans will be dealt with.

The Northern Rhodesian Africans still present a fairly adamant front against federation. As with Nyasaland, the lack of successful or coherent African opposition so far is no reliable indication of the future. They have a lot to learn, but they are learning. The Congress and the government-sponsored African Representative Council, and the two African members of the Legislative Council are already fairly solidly together in spirit. There was, just recently, a period when it looked as though some sections in African politics would reluctantly accept federation for a year or two and see how it turned out, reserving their intention to go back to passive resistance if necessary. But nothing seems to have been done before, during, or just after this period, to give impetus to this change by proof of the genuineness of the partnership theory. The Mining Management's attempt to break down the economic colour bar in the Copperbelt has so far failed. Most important of all, the two African members of the Legislative Council who took part in the recent London talks to effect changes in the Northern Rhodesian Constitution have expressed bitter disappointment in Mr. Lyttelton's decisions. They claim that these decisions have resulted in the weakening of the colonial administrator's power to protect African interests by reducing the official members in the Executive and Legislative Councils and granting a further portfolio to the European settlers.

The federation of two protectorates with a self-governing colony in a multi-racial area over much of which no political scaffolding has yet been erected is an experiment unique in history. The success of the federation must depend primarily on whether any policy can be implemented, without too much delay, which will reassure both races of their future security and welfare in Central Africa. It is this fear for the future that underlies all the present African political stirrings, and that has thrown up the different European political parties each with its own policy panacea. How these parties and the separate racial representation system are going to settle down, in both the territorial and federal governments, to form a smooth working democratic machine, nobody can yet tell.—*Third Programme*

THIS IS National Road Safety Week. During a talk in the Home Service, the Minister of Transport, the Rt. Hon. ALAN LENNOX BOYD, M.P., said:

'More accidents happen to children of five years old than to people of any other age. So keep children from straying on to busy roads. Then pedal cyclists: more accidents happen to boys of fifteen than to anyone else. My statistics show that it is thirty times more dangerous to be a boy of fifteen on a bicycle than a boy of fifteen on the roads. Many of these disasters would not happen if there had been proper training. Has your son, for example, taken the cycling proficiency test run by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents? There are certainly 1,000,000 and there may even be 2,000,000 child cyclists in Britain, but only 58,000 children have taken this proficiency test.

'Then, what about motor-cyclists? Here, twenty-four and twenty-five seems to be the danger age. The R.A.C. and the Autocycle Union have a splendid training scheme. Is there one going near your home? If not, see that your local Road Safety Committee or the Motor Cycle Club gets one started at once. And crash helmets: I see that Stirling Moss said that he owed his life in his recent crash to his crash helmet.

'One final word to motorists. Here thirty seems to be the most dangerous age. Every learner ought to get good instruction before he takes a test. No one likes examinations, but I do not think many people would do away with this test. Will you go along to your local Taxation Office and get hold of a paper marked "Hints on the Driving Test"? It has the number DL68 on it. Soon, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents is bringing out a first-class driving manual. Get hold of that, too'.

Atoms in Industry

By HENRY SELIGMAN

DURING recent years British scientists have made great progress in solving the problems of how to produce power from atomic piles for peaceful purposes, yet so far no such pile has been constructed for the production of atomic energy. But there is another side to the atomic energy effort from which industry has already benefited to a vast extent. If we put into one of our atomic piles at Harwell a small piece of ordinary gold and take it out after a certain time, this piece will still look like ordinary gold, but there is one difference: it emits certain rays—some of its atoms have become active. With their aid, we can detect the tiniest amounts, far less than a millionth of a millionth of an ounce; we can see their trace on a photographic film, hear their voices in the form of clicks through a loud-speaker, or can let their rays penetrate solid bodies. We can use these rays in industry for hundreds of different purposes.

Spotting a Gas Leak

For instance, it is extremely difficult to spot by conventional methods a gas leak in a long underground pipe-line or cable. If, however, we inject active atoms into the gas stream, they wander along the pipe-line, and some of the atoms will come out at the point where the leakage is taking place. There they can be detected easily with instruments provided by the electronics industry. What was before a job which would have taken a long time to do has now been reduced to a few hours' work. Another example: in the manufacture of engines it is of great importance to measure the friction suffered by certain metal parts, such as a piston or a piston ring. By making a piston or piston ring active in our pile, one has solved this problem of measuring friction—to the great benefit of the motor industry. Then, in agriculture, research has been carried out to establish how best to use a fertiliser. The problem is to distinguish between the phosphorus a plant takes from the ground and the phosphorus it takes from the fertiliser. By making the phosphorus in the fertiliser radioactive, one can measure how much fertiliser the plant has consumed. As a result of this research one can now use fertilisers much more economically.

Work undertaken at Harwell and in industrial research laboratories resulted in the construction of a number of instruments where the radioactive atom is helping to control industrial processes. One such instrument is able to measure with great accuracy the thickness of materials. It measures gluey linoleum, for instance, while it is being rolled, without stopping the machine. Radioactive atoms are placed on one side of the material to be rolled and a device to detect the rays of the atoms is placed on the other side. The thicker the material the fewer rays it will let through, and by this simple method the thickness can be measured extremely accurately. Similar instruments have been designed for measuring tin plating, or other plating processes, thereby saving precious metal by plating only to the desired thickness.

Another piece of equipment incorporating active atoms and very useful to industry is the package monitor. This is an instrument which can look with sharp eyes through a non-transparent package and determine if the package has been properly packed. It will find out, for example, if pills are missing in a bottle, or matches in a match-box. In the paper industry, and similar industries, great difficulties are sometimes experienced in the production process when material which has been cut or folded sticks to other pieces of the same material. This often holds up the production. Active atoms, in the right form and placed near the machines, will frequently prevent this happening. The rays of the atoms neutralise the force, which is the reason for this 'sticking together'. A number of factories have been able to increase production by using active atoms near the production process, as they are now able to run their machines at a much higher speed than before.

The atom helps even in the modern preparation of cattle and pig foods. Here it is usually essential to add a small amount of vitamin to large amounts of cattle food. The problem is to know how long to mix these two ingredients in order to be sure that the mixing is complete. A trace of active atom, usually in the form of common salt,

is added to the vitamin, after which one has only to measure the activity when the material is let out after the mixing. If the food is properly mixed, all parts will be equally active. Even in the brewing of beer one can use atoms. When the beer is filtered it is essential to know immediately if a puncture occurs in the filter. This can be done with the aid of small active particles which are sitting in the solution on top of the filter. Should the filter get a small hole, the active particles will come through and can then be detected by electronic devices and the filter replaced.

The rays of the active atoms can also be used to penetrate dense material and act like normal X-rays. We have a number of different kinds of active atoms which are used for different thicknesses of materials. We have therefore a cheap method of producing X-rays. All we need is a number of these active atoms and a photographic film. Then we have to place the material which we want X-rayed in front of the film. If we have, for example, a weld which is not good, the rays of the active atoms will go more easily through the air space in the weld than through the metal. As the rays are blackening the photographic film, one simply develops the film afterwards and can so judge the quality of the weld. We do not need any electric current as for conventional X-ray equipment, and our source is very handy: in fact, it is smaller than the size of a pea.

Five years ago we formed at Harwell an advisory service in order to help industry to apply this most modern tool of science. However, these active atoms have not only been used in industry: great progress has been made in other fields, such as biology, biochemistry, and medicine. By using active atoms one can, for example, follow the working of a drug. Suppose you take a drug: it would be very difficult to find where the different atoms go. But if we replaced some of the atoms with active ones, we could easily track them down with the aid of a detection instrument. Medicine is using these atoms, both for research and for treating widely different diseases. Even the police have used them. In a certain European country where from time to time wives have the habit of poisoning their husbands with arsenic, the question has arisen of how to prove guilt long after the body of the unhappy husband has been buried. By that time natural arsenic of the soil had penetrated the body, so making it difficult, by normal methods, to find if arsenic had been administered before death. This sounds a most difficult problem; yet the solution was relatively simple. Traces of arsenic which have been administered to a person will appear, after a certain time, in the hair of that person. By taking a hair of the victim and putting it in the atomic pile, the atoms of arsenic would be rendered active while the hair itself remains inactive. Then all the police have to do is to put the hair on the photographic film, the arsenic making a mark on the film. From this can be concluded when and for how long arsenic has been administered, and the lady in question could be condemned.

New Techniques

Much stronger sources of activity will become available in the next two to three years and investigations have already started as to how best to use them. Their rays may be utilised in sterilising antibiotics like penicillin, or foodstuffs, or in the chemical industry, to make new products or to make the production of others cheaper. Since new techniques are involved in handling these atoms, we have created a school at Harwell, where already more than 250 people from more than thirty countries have been trained.

Britain is by far the biggest exporter of these active atoms, which we call radio isotopes. Last year more than 10,000 shipments left Harwell and the Radiochemical Centre at Amersham, which is chemically processing some of these materials, and this year the figure will be even higher. The isotopes were sent to thirty-five countries. Yet we are only at the beginning of this development: every month we are finding new applications. The radioactive atom, used for peaceful purposes, is only at the beginning of its march for the benefit of mankind.—*From a talk in the Home Service*

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Trieste

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage) £1 sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents

Patronage and the Arts

THE eighth annual report of the Arts Council of Great Britain (1952-1953) which has just been published under the title of *The Public and the Arts** is an admirably produced and most interesting document. In the introduction it is pointed out with justice that 'private patrons of the arts are not extinct in modern society, but they become scarcer every year'. On the other hand, 'the principle of collective patronage, like many other principles of British behaviour, has become accepted in a piecemeal, almost absent-minded fashion'. Big business organisations, because of the special interests or attitudes of their heads, have often been notable patrons. One thinks of the late Lord Ashfield and the late Samuel Courtauld. But with many firms patronage is incidental to advertising and the fundamental duty of directors to shareholders needs to be borne in mind. Private patrons of the kind that existed in the eighteenth-century hey-day, when a dedication might earn an annual increment to an author, are gone forever. And plainly it behoves all those who are responsible for collective patronage to fill the gap to the best of their abilities.

The argument over collective patronage, like all arguments, cuts both ways. There are some who say that collective patronage tends to impose on the arts the dead and uninspired hand of officialdom. What do Civil Servants know about art?—it is asked. (But then, for that matter, what did politicians or landed gentry?) Alternatively it is averred that patronage falls into the hand of a small clique who exert favouritism or have queer *avant-garde* prejudices. But of course most bodies that possess a power of patronage draw upon advice from a wide field. 'The number of persons who have participated in moulding the Arts Council's policies since it was created in 1946', observes the report, 'adds up to several hundred'. Similarly the B.B.C. draws upon advisory councils or informal outside advice in pretty well every sphere of its cultural activities. One cannot please everybody. Questions of taste are always controversial. But the catholicity of choice by modern patronage is surely remarkable.

The Arts Council report says that 'as a diffuser of the arts the B.B.C. is already an exemplary patron' and adds that 'the catholicity of its programmes, these many years, leaves no doubt that, if it had the sinews to do so, the B.B.C. could be trusted to practise the new patronage to the common good'. Nevertheless the B.B.C. and the Arts Council are inevitably the targets of a huge volume of criticism both in general and in detail. And those who serve these bodies have to meet or stomach those criticisms in as agreeable and reasonable a manner as possible. Anyone who peruses the Arts Council report will gain an excellent notion of the difficulties with which all such bodies must contend. To give one example: the Arts Council had the idea of obtaining from the National Gallery and the Tate Gallery a pool of their spare pictures that could then be diffused to art galleries outside London. But the Council found that to exhibit such paintings elaborate security precautions had to be undertaken including night-watchmanship. And local galleries, which by law often have to provide for free admission to exhibitions, cannot always afford to guarantee such conditions of acceptance. So the most ingenious efforts are liable to founder for practical reasons. It cannot be too often asserted that critics of what the Arts Council—or the B.B.C.—do or fail to do ought to assure themselves of all the relevant facts before condemning out of hand the shortcomings they see in the collective patronage of the arts.

* Price 2s. 6d.

TRIESTE TOOK PRIDE OF PLACE in last week's broadcasts. On October 18 the Italian Prime Minister announced that his government would resign if the Western Powers withdrew from their decision to hand over Zone A of Trieste to Italy, or if they repudiated their 1948 declaration favouring the return to Italy of the whole of the Trieste territory, including Zone B. Renewing the proposal for a plebiscite, Signor Pella reaffirmed that Italy would not take part in a four-power conference on Trieste unless Zone A was first handed over to her. He concluded:

We are not asking for a gift. It is in the interests of all to have Italy's collaboration, and the settlement of her eastern frontier problems will facilitate ratification of the E.D.C. Treaty.

On the following day, Vice-President Pijade of Yugoslavia said that his country would have no part in Italy's 'blackmail tactics'. Yugoslavia was calmly awaiting the results of the London Conference of the three Foreign Ministers, who knew full well what Yugoslavia would not acknowledge. She had not, he said, broken away from Moscow in order to become anyone else's servant. Another Yugoslav Vice-President, Mr. Rankovich, also speaking on October 18, stated that the Anglo-American decision to hand over Zone A not only threatened peace but might become a dangerous precedent in the settlement of world problems. He rejected as 'incomprehensible' the suggestions that Yugoslavia might return to the eastern bloc. An earlier Yugoslav transmission, quoting an article by General Tomac in the army newspaper *Norodna Armija*, said that the allied decision over Trieste, if not rescinded, would inevitably weaken the defence of Europe against possible aggression.

From Italy, *Il Mattino* of Naples was quoted as follows:

Any attempt by the allies to placate Tito through concessions would mark a sad day for the prestige of the democracies and would induce the Italians to think that the bluster of dictatorship gets better results than the voice of democracy and justice.

From Switzerland, *Bund* was quoted for the view that the Soviet proposal to revive the peace treaty idea of a Free Territory under a neutral governor was nothing more than a manoeuvre to try to upset the Foreign Ministers' meeting. The left-wing independent newspaper *Franco-Tireur*, quoted from France, was one of many papers in the western world deploring the Anglo-American decision; it added that the most elementary prudence would have demanded the sounding of Belgrade before reaching any decision. From Greece, several papers were quoted for the belief that an Italo-Yugoslav conflagration over Trieste could not be isolated; and Tito's references to Italy's claims on Albania were rapidly turning the Trieste problem into an issue concerning the Balkans as a whole. From Sweden, the Liberal newspaper, *Expressen*, was quoted for the view that London and Washington were probably well aware of the reaction their decision would provoke—their intention merely being to try to force the two sides to come to terms. The Social-Democrat newspaper, *Morgen-Tidningen*, on the other hand, was quoted as describing the decision as pure opportunism.

From U.S.A. *The New York Times* was quoted as making the following comment on Russia's accusation that the United States and Britain had violated the Italian peace treaty; and also that they were maintaining a military and naval base in Trieste:

Coming from a government which has violated every treaty and agreement it has ever made, a government which has annexed territories and whole nations right and left, and which maintains far-flung military and naval bases in many other countries from the Baltic to the Sea of Japan, these charges bear their own stamp of hypocrisy.

Both *The Washington Post* and the *New York Herald-Tribune* were quoted as favouring Tito's proposal for a conference to settle the problem. The latter newspaper said that despite Tito's attitude:

Such a general conference has much in its favour. Trieste is a problem that threatens the unity of western Europe in the face of possible Russian aggression.

The New York Times was quoted as follows:

There is little sense in Italy continuing to press further claims on Zone B at this time, providing Marshal Tito with a pretext for his threats. But there is certainly no justification for Marshal Tito to raise the charge that the entry of Italian troops into Zone A would constitute aggression against Yugoslavia. Zone A is no part of Yugoslavia, and any Yugoslav invasion of it would constitute aggression against the Western Powers, which remain responsible for the security of that zone until a final solution of the problem.

Did You Hear That?

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AS A HISTORIAN

THE SWEDISH ACADEMY has awarded Sir Winston Churchill this year's Nobel Prize for Literature 'for his mastery in historical and biographical presentations and for his brilliant oratory, in which he has stood forward as the defender of eternal human values'. In the European Service, MAURICE ASHLEY said:

'When I was a young graduate, fr  sh from Oxford, it was my privilege to assist Sir Winston Churchill in his historical writing and so to obtain a close view of his methods of work.

'I think it is true to say that he has dictated all his great historical books except for the life of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill. For that book he did the whole of the research himself as well as writing it all in his own hand. But since then he has preferred to dictate either to a secretary or sometimes into a dictaphone. This method of his explains to a large extent the rhetorical character of his prose style.

'Before the last war when the expense of correcting proofs was not as great as it is today, Sir Winston would correct what he had dictated very heavily not on his typescript but on his "galley" proofs. Sometimes he had as many as six or seven revised galley proofs printed before he corrected and approved the final version. He sends copies of these proofs round to his friends and to experts, considers their suggestions or proposed emendations, either of fact or of style, before completing the finished product. I have heard that, since the war, because the setting of proofs and the making of corrections have become very much dearer in England, he actually had proofs set up by a printer at his own expense. For he prefers to see what he has said "looks like in print" at as early a stage as is possible.

'Sir Winston has always had a prodigious memory and a splendid gift for memorisation. So it is that with him, unlike with the ordinary run of historical writers, there has been little need for a huge pile of books and manuscripts to be assembled together in front of him as he dictates his chapters. First he will absorb all the relevant information or refresh his mind on the experiences he has gone through; when I assisted him I used to put before him extracts from original historical documents and mark the important passages in books that he ought to read. All these he would rapidly assimilate and marshal in his mind. Then when he was ready to dictate, he might ask me to sit with him while he marched up and down his bedroom or study as he dictated to his secretary. I remember that he seldom used to get his facts wrong, although he might suddenly pause in the middle of his marching up and down to ask me whether he was right. But once he had grasped an event or a situation he never forgot it, and frequently used to catch me out by asking me, many months afterwards, in what book I had shown him some incident or story that had caught his fancy.

'As a historical writer Sir Winston has gifts that enable him to transform the bare bones of historical fact into flesh and blood. His own wide personal experiences as a journalist, a soldier, a politician, and a Minister of State give him the power to infuse happenings in the past with life and meaning in a way that is usually denied to writers who spend all their lives in universities. Sometimes his passions are aroused; and yet he can usually see both sides of a case. Though when I worked for him he took as his hero his ancestor, the first Duke of Marlborough, he invariably appreciated the point of view of Marlborough's political opponents; and when it came to describ-

ing military matters—battles and campaigns—he delighted in picturing what was happening "on the other side of the hill". I am told that when he was engaged on his *World Crisis* he spent large sums of money in having documents and memoirs translated from German so as to understand the point of view of generals like Hindenburg and Ludendorff. And for Marlborough he read avidly the original memoirs of Villars and Berwick.

'Sir Winston's prose style is founded very largely on writers like Lord Macaulay and Edward Gibbon. He delights in irony but is not ashamed of the "purple patch". But history to him is very much a personal thing. That is why in nearly all his books either he is himself one of the leading characters (as in *The World Crisis* and *The Second World War*) or his hero is one of his ancestors—such as his own father or the first Duke of Marlborough.

'Finally let me say this: although Sir Winston has always consulted experts in preparing his books—and used much to value the advice of the late Sir Edward Marsh on questions of prose style—so far as my knowledge goes, every word that he writes is his own. He will quote voluminously from documents, but his comments, his interpretations, and his marshalling of the historical arguments always bear the unmistakable stamp of his own personal genius'.



Piccadilly Circus in a 'pea-souper'

G. MacDonnie

'FOG AND FILTHY AIR'

Since the heavy fogs of last December, many local authorities have intensified their efforts in trying to deal with atmospheric pollution which is one of the main causes of fog. Many of them have

consulted the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, which has a special section at Greenwich concentrating on this problem. SYLVIA GRAY, speaking in 'Radio Newsreel', said that the experiments of these experts fall into two main sections.

'First', she said, 'there is the problem of finding out how much pollution there is in the air and, then, how to stop it. The experts say that they can never prevent the white-mist type of fog, which is a weather condition like rain or snow. What they want to do is to prevent the soot and the sulphur dioxide that hangs in the mist and makes the yellow pea-souper. They have three kinds of apparatus for measuring how much pollution there is in the air. One is a little box, something like a small beehive, on a pole about six feet high. That measures how much yellow sulphur dioxide there is—that is the chemical that tends to attack the stonework on buildings. Then there is a large glass funnel that fits into a big jar: it catches bits of grit and soot and the rain washes them down to the jar and they are checked each month. The third one is a more complicated machine that measures the amount of soot and the amount of chemical pollution that there is in the air. Altogether the research scientists have set up 1,350 of these instruments in industrial areas all over Britain.

'Nearly 150 of them are in London, often in areas round factory or power-station chimneys. Some are in famous spots: there is one on the roof of St. Paul's Cathedral, another on the Bank of England, and for quite some time there was one near the face of Big Ben. Local authorities are helping by taking their own measurements. St. Marylebone, for instance, has several instruments, including one that is quite close to where they think Sherlock Holmes had his lodgings, in the swirling yellow fog of Baker Street.

'The results of the experiments are published each month, and steps can then be taken to try to prevent the pollution at its source. Here, again, the government scientists are helping. They have invented

one gadget which I saw working very successfully at Greenwich. It was put out in the war, to stop the funnels of ships smoking and giving away the position of a convoy to enemy U-boats. All it comprises is a special kind of furnace door with extra holes in it. When the furnace fire is refuelled, the holes are opened up, more air passes in, the fire gets hotter and the smoke is actually burnt in the furnace, instead of pouring out of the chimney. Several manufacturers are about to mass-produce these doors cheaply, I was told'.

ORANGES AND LEMONS

'This year', said COLIN FRASER BROCKINGTON, in a talk in the Home Service, 'is the bicentenary year of the publication of James Lind's *Treatise on the Scurvy*, an account of perhaps the earliest deliberately planned and controlled experiment to be undertaken on human subjects.

'In 1747, eight years after Lind had left his native Scotland to enter the Royal Navy, he was promoted surgeon to a fourth-rate ship, H.M.S. *Salisbury*, then cruising in the English Channel. On May 20 of that year he began his experiment. "I took twelve patients in the scurvy", Lind said, "on board the *Salisbury* at sea. These patients were as similar as I could have them. They all in general had putrid gums, the spots and lassitude, with weakness at the knees. They lay together in one place being a proper apartment for the sick in the forehold."

'They were all eating the same food. He divided them into pairs, and to the diet of each pair he added something different. Two he ordered a quart of cider a day; two others seventy-five drops of elixir vitriol; two others a pill of various medicaments; two others had six teaspoonfuls of vinegar; the remaining two had two oranges and one lemon every day. The result was dramatic. All but one couple daily got worse, despite the cider and the pills. The two receiving fresh fruit recovered almost immediately. In Lind's words: "The consequence was that the most sudden and visible good effects were perceived from the use of oranges and lemons; one sailor being at the end of six days fit for duty . . . the other . . . appointed nurse to the rest of the sick. Fresh fruit and vegetables are alone effectual to preserve the body from this malady". Despite the unequivocal proof of Lind's experiment, the Admiralty allowed forty years to pass before issuing a daily dose of fruit juice to all sailors.

'Scurvy is, of course, due to an extreme lack of vitamin C. In Britain it was always occurring until Elizabethan times and can sometimes be seen today in the very young and the really old. Shakespeare's son-in-law, Dr. Hall, spent much time treating scurvy in and around Stratford-on-Avon. Our native cultivated fruits (apples, pears, plums, and cherries) have never contained much vitamin C; and the brassica family (cabbage, kale, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts) was not widely cultivated until much later on. It was in fact, the arrival of the potato which relieved us from this scourge. Not, as commonly supposed, the sweet potato, which Drake brought back from the West Indies in 1580, but the common potato, which arrived unobtrusively from Spain a few years later.

'Vitamin C is now widely present in the diet of these islands, and yet we are not without danger of getting too little, because it is so easily destroyed. It is soluble in water and gets thrown away with the vegetable water from the cooking pot. Then it is destroyed by the oxygen of the air so that vegetables kept standing after cooking may have little or none left. Most important of all, it is destroyed by an enzyme, oxidase, which is present in all fruits and vegetables. An enzyme is a substance which helps chemical reactions, and in this case it begins to destroy vitamin C the instant it gets a chance. So do not prepare vegetables long before cooking, or soak them in water. The

destruction of vitamin C is hastened by moderate heat. Oxidase is itself killed by scalding temperature. We must, therefore, put our vegetables straight into boiling water. Soda hastens the change and should be avoided. I believe scarcely a woman in the country puts potatoes into boiling water, but she should.

'I do not want you to think that if you eat half your food raw the healthier you will all be. People can have an almost superstitious attitude to vitamin C and raw vegetables. It is necessary to have enough vitamin C and harmful to have too little, but it is not difficult to get enough by the use of an ordinary mixed diet. A helping of cooked greens, even when badly cooked, can be very much richer in vitamin C than the amount most people could eat raw; mainly because cooking reduces the bulk so much. You may regard the raw stuff, if you like, with the modified enthusiasm I myself feel towards it'.

'WALKABOUT'

'It was when we were travelling through the Australian bush with some of the aborigines that I learnt the true story of "walkabout"', said BERYL MILES in a talk in the Home Service. 'It was Philip who told me—a fine, outstanding man who had been brought up at the

Roper River Mission. "You see", he said, frowning a little in his effort to put the thing into his very best Mission English, "when a white man sits down to eat he has everything he needs on the table at one time—he has meat and sweet things of sugar; he has fish also and green things. He may take a little of this and a little of that just as he wishes. But for us it was different. Before the white man came we must walk all the time, maybe long way, to find what our stomachs need".

'There you have the picture. An aborigine, his gin (that is, his wife) and his piccaninnies living perhaps in an area where there is an abundance of kangaroo—as much meat as they can eat. But, one day, the wife comes up to her husband. "Johnny", she says, "we simply must have some-



Two Australian aborigines on a 'walkabout'

thing green. What about some nice water lily roots?" "Right", says Johnny, picking up his spears.

'So, off they would go, Johnny striding ahead with his spears, his wife following, their few possessions on her head and the piccaninnies at her heels and maybe a baby in a bark *coolamon* under one arm. After several miles they may find a water-hole starred with water lilies. Down dives the wife and comes up with a handful of roots which they all eat with relish. But no one can live on a diet of water-lily roots indefinitely. All too soon the little stomachs of the piccaninnies crave for something sweet. So, off they go again, till they find a tree with the sugar bag, or comb, of the wild honey bee. They mix this with water and suck it through fibres. But you can even get tired of living on honey, so soon it is time for some solid diet again in the shape of kangaroo or fish—and so the long trek starts once more.

'Australia is a hard continent when it comes to living entirely off the natural products of the land. All the things which we would think of at once—wheat, pineapples, bananas, and so on, turn out, on reflection, to have been brought there by the white man himself. No, the natural food was scarce. It had to be searched for—and walked for—and so, right from the beginning, the aborigine adapted himself most admirably to the situation by becoming a hunter and a nomad. And, still today, even though he may be employed on a cattle station or at a mission even though he may earn his rations and eat "white man's food", yet periodically the aborigine goes off on 'walkabout' with his family, just as instinctively as we do our spring-cleaning in the spring—though it is no unusual thing in this modern age to see him, in a loin cloth, striding off on 'walkabout' through the bush with a couple of army disposal water bottles slung over his shoulder'.

A Continent Ransacked but Still Rich

G. J. BUTLAND gives the second in a series of eight talks on Latin America

OF all the motives which through more than four centuries have spurred men on to Latin America none has been greater and more constant than the desire to exploit its fabulous wealth. The sixteenth-century chronicles of the Spanish Conquest are permeated by the search for gold and silver; the settlement of north-east Brazil is largely the story of the expansion of the world's greatest sugar plantations of the seventeenth century; while 100 years later the gold rushes to Minas Gerais—which largely accounted for the development of Rio de Janeiro—reflect the continuance of the urge. The investments of foreign capital in Bolivian tin and Chilean nitrate were last century's expressions of these efforts to tap Latin-American wealth, as were the Italian immigrants to the Argentine Pampa and the railway network which spanned it. The process is still in full operation, whether one turns to the banana plantations of Honduras or the oil derricks of Lake Maracaibo.

This ransacking of a continent's natural resources has been one of the most notable features of its historical evolution. 'Ransacking' is scarcely too strong a description in many a case, particularly in the exploitation of its soils for the production of speculative commercial crops, followed by the abandonment of the economy and the settlement dependent on it. In fact, the continuous nature of the exploitation forces us to consider some important questions. Has this constant quest for El Dorado been an empty one? How much of the continent's wealth has been rifled since the days of Pizarro? What sources of accumulated treasure remain as the heritage of the Latin American of today?

There have been so many flights of fancy regarding the wealth of Latin America's natural resources that one's first reaction in answering such questions is one of extreme caution. But we now know sufficient of the

continent's physical environment—in which I include its geology, climate, vegetation, and soils—to realise that few land masses of comparable size surpass it in natural endowment. In only one major respect is this not true. Latin America is the world's poorest continent in the great raw material of modern industrial society, namely, coal. This fact is such a shattering one that we in Britain, whose whole economic fabric rests on this mineral, can well appreciate the frantic efforts of the Latin Americans to mine the poor Tertiary lignites of remote



Latin America's 'abundance of hydro-electric potential almost defies description': the Iguazú Falls on the Paraná river between Brazil and the Argentine



Among the fertile vineyards of the central vale of Chile

Argentine Patagonia or the irregular seams of Chile's under-sea mines.

This poverty contrasts strongly with the richness of its other assets, but to gauge an impression of these it is best to take a continental view of this vast land mass. If we do this from the point of view of relief, half a dozen or so great units stand out as its basic components. These are the towering mountain complex of the Andes, the high plateaux of Mexico, Guiana, and Brazil, and the broad, featureless plains of the Orinoco, Amazon, and Paraná-Paraguay. It is not unlikely that the great size of these units has been their major disadvantage, for it has so often overwhelmed man's efforts to win their treasure. Perhaps in this age of increasing technical achievement we may hope to see the struggle placed on more equal terms.

Their magnitude in area is matched by their natural wealth. Wherever we turn, the story is one of potential plenty, of unharnessed river torrents, of iron mountains, of limitless expanses of agricultural land, and of fisheries the wealth of which is only just being realised.

The abundance of hydro-electric potential almost defies description. The great well-watered plateau of Brazil, over the edge of which fall mighty rivers, such as the Iguazú and the São Francisco, conjures up visions of a Latin-American Grand Coulee, or a Brazilian Boulder Dam. In fact, these visions are already being transformed into reality in the great Paulo Affonso scheme on the São Francisco, and the harnessing of the waters of the swampy Tieté high in the Serra do Mar, to supply

750,000 horse-power to the mushrooming industrial fabric of São Paulo. Here, the waters of this river, instead of meandering 1,000 miles to the Paraná, have been forced backward to plunge fifteen times the height of Niagara over the escarpment to the Atlantic. This is a spectacular individual example, but not less important are the national co-ordinated schemes of many of the Andean states. Since the end of the war, Chile, whose *per capita* resources are three times those of Switzerland, has established a hydro-electric grid to supply ninety per cent. of her population from the winter rainfall and summer melting snows of the great cordillera fringing her central valley. Peru, using the turbulent waters of the Santa river, is carrying out an integrated scheme which ranges from desert irrigation to iron smelting by modern electric furnace. The great plateau of Guiana, with some of the world's most magnificent waterfalls—Venezuela boasts the highest on earth—is almost untouched, but the economic possibilities open to that country and the Guiana colonies daze the imagination.

Nor is all this wealth of water resources confined to potential electric power. Long before the Incas had used them to water their crops. Already ten per cent. of the cultivated area of Latin America is under irrigation, and from the Rio Negro valley of southern Argentina to the Papaloapan project of Mexico there are schemes afoot to wrest a return from the relatively limited areas of Latin America with insufficient rainfall. The complexity and vision involved in such ventures is perhaps best indicated by mentioning the plan to divert the waters of Lake Titicaca, more than two miles high, to the Pacific for irrigation of the desert valleys of northern Chile. Such a project is obviously a long-term one, which may not materialise in this century, but the physical potentialities are there, and men are contemplating how they may best be used.

These developments are of the present and future, but in the past it was the continent's mineral resources which were its best-known endowment. Mexican silver, Brazilian diamonds, Chilean nitrate, are but a few of the associations which spring to one's mind, and it is probably true that no continent except North America possesses an equivalent amount of such a rich variety of mineral wealth. It is one of the paradoxes of its history that although this was one of the first magnets of settlement, and although men have tramped into the farthest recesses of its lands in search of minerals, great areas have still not been surveyed geologically, and our knowledge of its wealth is far from complete. But what is known is impressive. The Itabira and Lafaiete mines of south-east Brazil penetrate the world's greatest reserves of high-grade iron ore, and within the last three years a comparable Venezuelan source has been revealed on the northern fringe of the Guiana tableland. Chile, Peru, Colombia, and Mexico have all the iron they can utilise in any foreseeable future.

I mention these enormous iron reserves in the first place, for so much attention is now being paid to them, but the mineral economy of the continent has always been dependent on the non-ferrous metals, and exports of the big four—copper, lead, zinc, and tin—have for long played the most significant role. In fact, it is for this reason that in many cases the known higher-grade ores are becoming exhausted, and production is being switched to poorer deposits, as in the case of Chile's copper sulphide ores. We cannot dismiss the possibility of further discoveries of rich deposits, for like the Canadian Shield, the Brazilian and Guiana plateaux are two of the world's greatest metal storehouses.

What is more probable, I think, is that the great proven reserves of Guiana bauxite, Brazilian manganese, Mexican antimony, and Bolivian bismuth will increasingly supply the world's needs of those strategic minerals.

But it is a mistake to think that this mineral potential is limited to the mountain and plateau units, for in the great plains of Venezuela, more than 11,000 wells gush out the black wealth of petroleum which has converted that country into the world's greatest oil exporter; and from northern Mexico to the new Chilean oilfield of Tierra del Fuego, scattered geo-physical teams and drilling crews are seeking this source of energy from jungle and glacial plain. Relative to the area involved this exploration could be on a much more intensive scale, but the forces of economic nationalism, dreading control by foreign capital, probably exercise a more restrictive influence on petroleum exploitation than on any other economic activity in the continent today.

I have discussed so far especially hydro-electricity and mining, but we must remember that these industries absorb the active employment of but few Latin Americans relative to those whose livelihood is tied up with agriculture. In this respect we must look once again to the great plains for the rich inheritance of climate and soil which has made Latin America, especially in this century, the provisioner of so much of the world's meat, grains, coffee, cotton, sugar, and tropical fruit. Soil surveys on a scale comparable with the United States and Russia are as yet unknown there, but the expansive and bountiful acres of the Argentine pampa, the rich *terra roxa* of São Paulo state, and the fertile vineyards of the central vale of Chile are well known evidence of the continent's natural wealth in terms of



Looking from the town of Puno, Peru, across Lake Titicaca to the shores of Bolivia: it is planned to divert the waters for the irrigation of the desert valleys of northern Chile. The statue on the left is that of an Inca god

cultivable land. Less known is the Peruvian Montaña, east of the Andes, which has been described as a paradise in terms of its climate and the productivity of its soils, or the pioneer lands of western Paraná, where, as Preston James points out, even before new highways are complete, lorries are bringing products of the frontier farms back to the thriving cities of the east.

I have said nothing of the great reserves of hardwoods in the forests which cover over half the total area of Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Brazil, nor the rich fisheries of the Pacific coastal waters which are becoming increasingly important in the economy of those republics. That the natural treasure of mine, river, field, and sea is there in full abundance and rich diversity few would deny. It is, as I said earlier, a picture of potential plenty, but one must remember the difficulties which hinder the conversion of these potentialities to realities. I do not mean those fundamental human factors of man's ability, energy, and capital which are required, no less in Latin America than elsewhere, to colonise and tame the wilderness, to dig and delve for the hidden treasure—but the ways in which nature has tantalisingly scattered its bounty.

For the physical units which house the potential riches have some inherent attributes which thwart their easy extraction. The great Brazilian massif is tilted towards the interior, and its natural lines of communication, the river valleys, trend in most cases to the jungles of Amazonia or the land-locked Paraguay basin. The metalliferous lodes of the Andes are encased either in the waterless Chilean desert or 12,000 feet up in the eastern cordillera of Bolivia, or even 2,000 feet higher in Peru's Cerro de Pasco.

These examples merely highlight the many problems of inaccessibility and the difficulties of transport imposed on the continent by the world's

most continuous great mountain system, and a coastline notoriously deficient in good harbours. It is indeed little wonder that Latin America remains one of the world's under-developed areas, and that it faces the dilemma of either allowing foreign capital to win its riches from a stubborn environment, or enduring the patience of waiting until its own people and resources can tackle the task.

In this respect the hemispheric position of the continent must not be forgotten, for the influence this exerts on its economic development grows as the resources of the United States diminish. This is a result of the fundamental American policy to look south of the Rio Grande to fill the gap in its economic needs. United States investments in the tropical products of the Caribbean, in Chilean copper mines, and in Venezuelan oil illustrate this point, but it is in iron-mining that this strategic-hemispheric influence is strongest today, for within a little more than twenty years most of the United States high-grade iron ore will have been used. Conscious of this, the Americans have shown keen interest in the development of the iron reserves of Chile, Peru, and Brazil; and in Venezuela the process has been carried furthest with the aim of exporting 10,000,000 tons a year. Already the lower Orinoco, for the first time in its history, has become a major transport artery on the first stage of ferrying this ore to the steel mills of Sparrow's Point on the Maryland coast.

It would be wrong to think of these developments as the only ones typical of Latin America today. Indeed, never have its people been more determined to develop their own resources for their own use. I have already spoken of the great hydro-electric schemes of Brazil and Chile, and their modern steel plants of Volta Redonda and Huachipato are further symbols of an industrialisation which is not only the expression of economic nationalism but the soundly based utilisation of potentialities hitherto dormant. This industrialisation is a continent-wide process and is the latest and present phase in the extraction of its raw-material wealth.

Most industrial revolutions, however, have had their agrarian counterpart, and it is unlikely that this continent will be an exception to the rule. This is especially true if we consider its growing population, which is increasing at a faster rate than anywhere else in the world. As the Latin Americans become more and more conscious of the problems that this will present, so they will be compelled to take positive steps to mechanise and utilise their agricultural potentialities just as enthusiastically as they have begun to develop their industries. It will then be the draining of the Chaco, the mechanisation of the Chilean *haciendas*, and the intensification of agriculture on the Humid Pampa of Argentina which will symbolise the next stage in this centuries-old quest to win the wealth of this land of rich diversity.—*Third Programme*

The Task of the Art Critic

By ERIC NEWTON

NOTHING could be easier than to define the task of a critic. He submits himself to an experience, the experience of contact with a work of art, and he then describes that experience—communicates it, if you like a more specific word, turns it into prose for others to read. In doing so he becomes a kind of artist. For the artist, too, is engaged in the task of communicating his experience; though, unless he is a writer, he does not necessarily turn his experience into prose. It may be that what I have to say about the art critic's tasks will apply more or less to all critics—critics of music, films, literature, drama, and architecture. But I shall confine my remarks to my own field and examine, as far as possible, the special questions and problems that face the art critic.

Here, on the one hand, is a work of art: a painting, let us say, one among a hundred in the particular exhibition to be considered: one of ten thousand that the critic has seen during his lifetime. Here, on the other hand, is the critic: a man sufficiently interested in the visual arts to seek them out, to consider them with a particularly keen and thoughtful eye—a visually sensitive creature who has deliberately sharpened his own visual sensitivity by frequent and continuous contact with painting and sculpture, and who has also consciously trained himself to express in prose, as explicit as he can make it, the outcome of this contact, the precise effect on him of the particular work of art. And finally, here, to complete the triangle, is a potential reader of what the critic is going to write. Call him, if you like, a specimen of the public, a man who has a natural but not a specialist interest in the arts, who will, perhaps, look at the work of art about which the critic is to write, but hopes also, by reading what the critic has written, that the work of art will become somehow more intelligible, more stimulating, more full of meaning.

Given this situation, the critic begins to consider his relationship to the other two angles of the triangle—the painting on the one hand and the public on the other—and ask himself two major questions that must be answered before he can begin to write. And from this point onwards, since criticism is a purely personal affair, please let me drop the impersonal pronouns and shamelessly substitute the first person singular.

What is my purpose as a critic? To what end do I perform this curious task of expressing my reactions to art, as the artist expresses his reactions to life? Have I any responsibility beyond that of being both sensitive and honest? If so, to whom? I am quite certain of the answer to those questions, which are really different aspects of the same question, but my answer may sound a little indeterminate. My purpose is to play the detective, using the picture as a clue. Behind the picture

lies the artist who painted it. It is in him—or the bit of him that was uppermost when he was painting his picture—that I am interested. To discover what he was trying to say and why he said it in just that way; to submit myself to his picture so that eventually I begin to understand the man behind the picture. The virility of Michelangelo, the sensuousness of Renoir or Matthew Smith, the delicacy of Botticelli, the passionate quest of Picasso. And, having identified myself as far as possible with the artist, to find words for him, turn him—or this bit of him—into words, just as he has turned himself into paint.

What, then, about the third member of the party—the public? Am I merely explaining Renoir or Picasso to myself—playing a game of translating paint into prose—or am I addressing a theoretical reader? That must be answered if the 'responsibility' question is to be answered. This is where I become a little indeterminate, for I think that in the writing of criticism, as in the painting of a picture, a curious change of emphasis happens as the work proceeds. The original stimulus was merely to paint or to write for painting or writing's sake. Writer and painter alike are in a certain state of mind and that state of mind must take shape in pigment or in words. But no sooner has that process begun than both artist and critic begin to envisage a public, a person at the other end of the line to whom the thing has to be explained. I have, let us say, just seen a landscape by Renoir. Its bowery radiance has excited me. I find it essential that someone—my potential reader—should share my excitement. And so the criticism begins to take on that explanatory, interpretative, persuasive tone that a man invariably adopts when he wants to share his emotions and thoughts, and must therefore be a little more urgent and a little more analytical than usual. In that sense, as an intermediary between artist and public, the critic certainly has a responsibility.

But what about his responsibility to the artist? Has the critic no obligation to tell the artist where he has failed, how he could have done better? My definite answer to that is 'no'. I wish I had time to make that 'no' more emphatic by giving reasons but, quite briefly, one does not tell another human being that his nose ought to be longer, his voice more melodious, since it is his particular length of nose or quality of voice that gives him his own unique personality. To alter a personality is to turn it into a different personality, and since every artist is precious only because he is supremely himself . . . but I do not think I need to pursue that argument any further.

Yet there is one sense in which art criticism does benefit the artist. It is perhaps a by-product of criticism, but it is important. The fact that art criticism exists at all is a proof, to the artist, that he has an audience, and one that takes him seriously. He, the artist, is a producer

of art. Every producer demands a consumer, otherwise he is working in a vacuum. The more criticism his work provokes and the more intelligent that criticism is, the more will the artist feel that that horrid vacuum is being filled up: the more he will feel he is fulfilling an important and necessary function in the world.

The second major question concerns the art critic's qualifications for his job, not as a writer but as an understander. What should be his qualifications? Again I must give a very brief answer to a question about which books could be written. His qualifications are two-fold. One I have already mentioned—sensitivity, which, like appetite, comes with eating. The one advantage the professional critic has over the sensitive layman is that having seen more masterpieces he has become a more highly trained detective. He is liable to work back more easily and more reliably from the clue—the work of art—to what lies behind the clue—the artist.

Qualification of Knowledge

The critic's second qualification is knowledge, knowledge of the whole field of the art of the past and the present. This, I know, is usually thought of as the qualification of the art historian rather than the art critic, but I myself make no distinction between the two. I am told that art historians deal in facts while critics deal in values. That seems to me nonsense. The historian could not even know what facts to accumulate, still less what facts were important, if he were not aware of values. And to the critic it is quite necessary in understanding Renoir to know a good deal about Titian. Without an adequate fund of knowledge each work of art is no more than a separate and isolated phenomenon. With such a fund of knowledge the whole development of art from prehistoric times to the present day begins to resolve itself into a logical pattern, and each portion of that pattern derives its meaning from its relationship to the whole. The more the critic knows about art, the more numerous and significant the clues at his disposal, and the more likely he is to talk sense about the specific work of art.

So much for my theoretical questions. They could be boiled down into the single question: 'What is the critic's job?' Now for the practical problems, which, again, could be boiled down into: 'Given the present situation, how is the critic to do his job? What is to be his method?'

Here the art critic does really part company from those of his colleagues who are concerned with the other arts. His problems are not theirs. Indeed, I believe his problems are so much more difficult than theirs that once, in a despairing moment, I wrote an article entitled 'Concerning the Impossibility of Art Criticism' and, in doing so, almost persuaded myself to abandon the attempt to remain an art critic at all. The problems arise partly out of the nature of art criticism itself, partly out of the particular difficulty of explaining modern art, and partly out of the attitude of the average Englishman to the visual arts. Let me consider them in that order.

The critic, as I have already said, is translating paint into prose, or, to be more accurate, translating his personal reactions to a given area of paint into a given slice of prose. That means that unless his article is illustrated, which is usually impossible, he cannot quote from the artist's work. The music critic can actually print the modulation or the melody that has moved him. The literary critic can quote a whole paragraph or stanza from his author and then add: 'You see what I mean when I say that Shakespeare is a remarkable poet, Tolstoy a profound novelist'. If, for example, he wishes to draw the reader's attention to the solemn effect of monosyllables, he need only quote Shakespeare's 'We are such stuff as dreams are made on', and he has made his point perfectly clear. The art critic, on the other hand, has to evoke the very mood generated by the painting before his reader knows what he is talking about. This is a difficulty that accounts for the miserable inadequacy of nine-tenths of art criticism and the magnificence of the other tenth. Ruskin, Walter Pater, Baudelaire, Roger Fry did, on occasions, rise so magnificently to the challenge that they produced masterpieces of evocative description and comment. Ruskin's description of Tintoretto's 'Annunciation', Pater's of Leonardo's 'Mona Lisa', Baudelaire's panegyrics of Delacroix not only shed a vast amount of illumination on the works they deal with: they are works of art in their own right.

But nineteenth-century critics had one great advantage over the critic who attempts to produce a verbal equivalent of a picture by Picasso or Ben Nicholson, or a carving by Henry Moore. The formal language of modern art no longer takes visual appearance as its starting point. Pater could say that Mona Lisa's eyelids were a little weary, and the

reader could at once call up an image of the picture and, more important, suddenly realise the nature of Leonardo's intentions.

But how can the critic of today evoke a similar image of a carving by Moore or a cubist painting by Picasso? Certainly not by saying, for example: 'Henry Moore has invented a new set of significant relationships between convex and concave forms, so that he can dispense with anatomical accuracy and delight our eyes with a pure counterpoint of hollows and solids'. That is perfectly true, of course, as a statement, but a completely useless one if the critic's intention is to produce a verbal equivalent of Henry Moore's genius instead of a bare explanation of Henry Moore's method. The average reader complains that the critic is using jargon, which is quite untrue. He is using metaphor and he is driven to the use of metaphor (the word 'counterpoint' for instance in the passage I have just invented for you) by the fact that the emotional effect on the human eye of pure form cannot be expressed in words. 'Weary eyelids', yes; 'convex and concave forms', no. I feel sure that when the critic of architecture, which also consists of pure form, comes to talk about his problems in this series, he will find himself faced with the same difficulty. He, too, is under an obligation to explain the effect of verticals or horizontals and proportions and rhythms. Ruskin, describing the facade of St. Mark's in Venice, produced a magnificent prose-poem. Perhaps the modern critic should turn himself into a poet, also. Irritating though it may often be to the reader, the language of metaphor is indispensable for the critic of modern art, as it has always been for the poet. As long as the artist in his picture is describing, in however stylised a manner, a specific appearance—a thing seen, or even a thing imagined as seen—the critic can be equally specific both in his description and his comment. But once the artist begins to dispense with appearances or even, as often happens, with what is known as subject-matter, the critic can no longer refer back to appearances. The artist is no longer concerned with a pair of eyelids that are weary; he is only concerned with arcs of circles. Therefore the critic can no longer use the old humanistic language, nor can he refer to the specific case. He must invent a new form of criticism and he is bound to find the existing vocabulary inadequate. He may be able to shed light on this kind of picture, but not on this picture. He may be able to explain Ben Nicholson, but he cannot successfully distinguish *this* Ben Nicholson from *that* Ben Nicholson, as Pater could distinguish *this* Leonardo from *that* Leonardo.

The Visually Illiterate

Now the last problem. The British attitude to the visual arts. Let us face it: the average Briton is unusually well equipped to understand and enjoy the subtler qualities of literature, but he is unusually ill equipped to grasp the language of the visual arts. He is, in fact, visually illiterate. To him the arts of painting and sculpture are concerned with reproducing not the state of mind of the artist but the appearance of nature. I admit that where he used to say, 'I know nothing about art, but I know what I like' he is now a little humbler, and he tends to say, 'This picture seems to me to have no relation to the appearance of nature, but I have heard it praised. Will someone kindly tell me *why* I ought to admire it!' That is humbler, but it is the wrong kind of humility. Still that old implication that art must copy nature. The poet can write, 'Her neck is like the swan', and the Englishman understands exactly what he means. But when the portrait painter says her neck is like a swan in paint, the old outcry begins. Consequently, the critic, finding that his public do not, on the whole, accept the values he works by, finds himself perpetually involved in philosophical explanations and expositions of elementary aesthetics instead of getting on with the job of communicating his attitude to the particular work that happens to interest him.

I seem to have worked myself, at the end of this rather personal statement about art criticism, into a rather pessimistic mood. I see that I ended my article on the impossibility of art criticism with the following sentences: 'I pity myself, poor baffled creature that I am! Yet nothing will deter me from continuing to attempt the impossible. Heaven help me! Heaven help my readers!' But it is not really as bad as that. Public interest in the arts is becoming more widespread and more intelligent, and as it does so the demand for intelligent criticism increases. The questions still have to be answered, and the problems solved but, if that basic visual illiteracy can be cured, the critic as interpreter will become more useful. Ultimately the usefulness of an interpreter depends on a general demand to know more about the language he is interpreting. And that demand is slowly growing. No, I will not give up the job in despair.—*Home Service*



Florence: on the left is the cathedral; on the right, the Palazzo Vecchio

A. F. Kersting

Paradise of Exiles

By ROBERT FURNEAUX JORDAN

IN northern Florence I found a silent square, with chestnut trees. In the afternoon sun the stucco houses, all pink and ochre, drowsed behind green shutters. About the ladies who lived there, the two sisters with high-sounding Italian titles, with memories of London 'seasons' and visits to Knole, there was an Edwardian aura, just as there was about the silver-framed photographs, the albums, the English teacups, and the quite European dinner-party. The winds of our world have hardly played upon that square with the chestnuts; for this was the last faded remnant of that Anglo-Florentine society that had begun, let us say, with Leigh Hunt, had all but dissolved with the death of Mrs. Browning, but had lived on so that a century later I could discover it all over again. Moreover, in the square with the chestnuts the ladies positively liked remembering; they remembered Henry James—who, though they never suspected it, should have turned them into another *Aspern Papers*, and they remembered Vernon Lee. And then people came to tea, people from other pink and ochre villas, all remembering people, until at any moment, from somewhere in that fascinating, that unreal drawing-room, the phrase must come: 'And did you once see Shelley plain?' But of course it never did and never could, for out in the lamplit square, even under Tuscan stars, it was, after all, 1953.

And so next day, back in the busy Piazza della Signoria, I decided to time-travel, at least to stretch out a finger to touch that almost irrecoverable texture of days gone. Since men die there is no one who saw Shelley plain; it is only places that can lie unchanging through the years.

Once, a hundred years ago, there had in that Piazza been market-women, cabs with a delicious smell, Austrian officers, green and white umbrellas, cabbage stalks, beggars

and artists. And now there were American airmen, neon lights, tourism in crocodiles, motor-scooters, what you will. It was the great stones, the belfries, the fountain—with fluttering boys adorn'd and girls unrobed'—Cellini's 'Perseus', the Loggia itself, and a whole vast pattern of sun and shadow that were the same. The tourists and all that, moreover—even if your nice English mind rejects them at Wells—were here part of the essence. Piazzas were made to be lived in. Life hums in an Italian city as it always did, and yet one can dream there as one always could.

That is the magic, also the key to this problem: why, as an English monument, does the little cemetery on the Piazza Donatello rival even that beneath the Pyramid of Cestius in Rome? Why, a hundred years ago, did poets escape to Florentine towers and Tuscan hills? Florentine towers, Tuscan hills, are lovely, but there was loveliness and, in those days, even quietude, nearer home. Nor was it merely that Italy was Italy, storehouse of all the arts that had flourished and died . . . that was part of the story, but not all; for while our exiles could be romantically foolish about that—as when the Brownings burnt incense to Domenichino—they were never tourists; they lived in the land they loved. Nor was it that nineteenth-century Italy could offer culture or freedom, for it had neither. What it did have—and how much more exciting that was!—was the very air of cultures dead and, in that age of Garibaldi, the very air of freedom's battle. To descend upon Italy in that mid-century, from Wimpole Street, Knebworth, or Boston, with all their suffocating correctitudes, to breathe that air, while life itself remained serene—that was surely heaven!

Being a heaven upon earth, it had another excellence. Writing of it fifty years after,



Elizabeth Barrett Browning: the portrait by Michele Gordigiani in the National Portrait Gallery

Henry James tells us of 'the celestial cheapness of those early times', of how 'the old letters are full of it—the last cloying sweet in the rich feast of Italy'. But above all was the fact that a poet can dream in a piazza, can stand and stare and not be stared at. For all its preciousities Florence was real; for all its busy hum, and even its busy squalor, the Piazza was kind. Evening after evening our English exiles would sit on the broad steps of the Loggia, the hum of the Piazza around them, until the sun setting down the Arno, they would stroll home across the bridges, to hot chestnuts and mulled wine.

End of an Epic

By 1823 the epic of the Via Reggio shore was over; Leigh Hunt had seen the smoke from Shelley's funeral pyre move out over an August sea. Halcyon days as Casa Lanfranchi belonged to the past, as did friendship with Byron. Leigh Hunt, as he passed on to Florence with his wife and children, was haunted by memories macabre and recent; he felt for the first time a foreigner in a strange land; he found it delectable and remained for years.

In Genoa he had heard talk only of money; but in Florence on the first evening there were guitars below the window in the Street of Fair Women—the Via delle Belle Donne, that was, as he said, like a tune to pronounce. He found 200 English families actually living in the city; that meant, in those days, more comfort, even the English library that is still there in Palazzo Strozzi—so that 'we seem to possess', he wrote, 'Italy and England together'. All the same, perhaps because there were too many English, perhaps because he was homesick for the quiet streams and meadows of Hampstead, Leigh Hunt soon moved out to Maiano, a hamlet in the Fiesolan hills where the peasants had good manners, good looks, and loved music. Here, if there were no bosky Middlesex meadows, there were myrtles and cyclamen, noble pines, grasshoppers from *Anacreon* and fireflies such as Shelley had watched for hours at Pisa. 'How they shone!' wrote Ruskin years after, 'moving like fire-broken starlight through the purple leaves'. Maiano indeed offered almost everything to romantic exiles, not least a villa of 'celestial cheapness'. Below lay the Valley of Ladies from the *Decameron*; nearby was Machiavelli's home; on the horizon, Galileo's; and set among the hills the white village of Settignano where Michelangelo was born. 'From the terrace', wrote Hunt, 'Florence lay clear and cathedraled before us'. So on that terrace, among blue Tuscan hills, he translated the *Bacco in Toscana*, that dithyramb upon Tuscan wine. Hazlitt came and was in ecstasies. The Paradise of Exiles had begun; in the silent square with the chestnuts it is not dead.

We may, with Fitzgerald, 'thank God there'll be no more Aurora Leighs'. Today there are things about Browning we can never quite stomach but, when we have done our worst by them both, we know that they did, in those idyllic years, create a world. Even at Pisa, in 1846, still breathless, incredulous, about their own existence, they found the Italian magic at work. Out of doors the sun burnt and burnt, and there were lizards; but the great dome, covered with snow, interposed its whiteness between yellow marble and blue sky; indoors there were oranges set on their own leaves, Chianti, and an aromatic pinewood fire.

It was a magic that at Florence they would perpetuate. So we do try to make out that odd fish of houses, Casa Guidi, as it swims up out of the sea-green depths of the years, odd amalgam of Victorian upholstery and Italianised Preraphaelitism. The high rooms, looking out to Palazzo Pitti and on to the church of San Felice, were all tapestried or mirrored, with cupids to hold lamps; they had emerald velvet sofas and cool scagliola floors; and all day they swam in yellow sunshine. Browning got it cheap, hired a grand piano, and then picked up bargains in back streets—chests of drawers inlaid with ivory, their gilt handles being Tritons holding masks. There were satins from cardinals' beds, old pictures of saints set in black wood, and against the dim Gobelins were medallions of Tennyson, Carlyle, and—rather oddly—Browning. There was a huge oil-jar for rainwater. There was the death mask of Keats. Only on sweltering days were the yellow sunbeams shut out; then life became one long siesta, and Casa Guidi, behind closed blinds, one cool, green luminosity. Only at dusk, when the muslin curtains began to sigh, did one walk on the terrace—actually without a bonnet and among orange-trees and camelias—until the moon, as Mrs. Browning wrote, first rises, then drops her shadows beautifully down the old grey walls of San Felice.

To Nathaniel Hawthorne, the Massachusetts puritan, limping assiduously *en famille* round the sights, San Felice was only an

irritant, since from the Brownings' terrace he heard priests chanting. There were other irritants: Hawthorne's observant but highly prurient mind was worried by Latin superstition, even more by nudes. He records Uffizi pictures as either 'draped' or 'undraped'. The 'Venus' of Titian he found 'naked and lustful' but he notes the dimples of the 'Venus di Medici'. He wished that Raphael could have painted Stone-wall Jackson, and finally admits himself happier with the brass-pots of Dutch still-life or with Michelangelo's 'Penseur', although even that would be 'better in an open setting as at the Crystal Palace'. Now and again he gives us a useful glimpse of fellow exiles: of Browning's 'unspeakable plaid trousers', or of Mrs. Browning as 'a pale, small person scarcely embodied at all, at any rate only substantial enough to speak with a shrill, yet sweet, tenuity of voice—how small she is, how bright and dark her eyes. There's not such another figure in the world'. 'Really', he adds, 'I do not see how Mr. Browning can suppose that he has an earthly wife any more than an earthly child!'

The child, Penini—safely delivered in 1849 by the invalid of Wimpole Street—was, heaven knows, earthy enough in the end. Meanwhile, this most divine of *bambini* would be exhibited in his nurse-maid's arms upon the fashionable Tornabuoni, a long curling feather in his hat—'since all the princes here are decked with them'—while the nursemaid, for her part, had a large hat of uncut Tuscan straw with long blue streamers, and a white muslin apron: in the Florentine way: all very *comme il faut*. But when Hawthorne came in 1858, Penini was, he said, 'as un-English a production as the native of another planet', and, in his embroidered velvet frock, would scream Italian oaths at a monkey circus in the street. What with one thing and another, poor Hawthorne fled to England; there to write his colourful romance of Italian life, *The Marble Faun*, in nonconformist security at Redcar and Leamington.

But if the poets, bluestockings, and all the too-clever-by-half English were a little much for Hawthorne, he was happier with his own Yankee stonecutters. To be a sculptor in Concord or Salem—since sculpture implies some interest in the human form—was not possible. So American sculptors came to Florence. There is first—a very central figure really in this Paradise—Wetmore Story; he had turned himself from a lawyer into a sculptor to carve a memorial to his father, and thus, despite nostalgic twinges for white houses beneath New England elms, became both a Florentine and a Roman. For the Storys there was a long friendship with Casa Guidi: Browning would sit all morning in the doorway of the studio; there were shared villas on the hills above Siena, and great summer expeditions, picnics, and donkey rides among the woods and precipices of Bagni di Lucca, where Browning wrote 'Childe Roland' and his wife her 'Sonnetts from the Portuguese'. Finally, Story was with Browning in 1861 in the little cemetery on the Piazza Donatello. Wetmore Story and his wife are the 'young Bostonians' of Henry James' biography, and it is there that Henry James explains a facet of exile. 'If', he writes, 'the influence [of art] invoked was clearly, in their own air, invoked in vain; so inevitably, the good people of the time thought of it as resident in the air that in all the world differed most from their own. There, presumably, it hung in clusters . . . one had but to sail and partake'. Wetmore Story may have been the 'Kenyon' of Hawthorne's *The Marble Faun*, but the more essential pathos of a sculptor's exile is to be found in Henry James' *Roderick Hudson*.

Nathaniel Hawthorne and Hiram Powers

Of the many explorations that I made, outwards from the Piazza, not least was one to the roof tops; where towers and campaniles, like tall trees in the Florentine forest, cleared the chimneys to reach the sun. There on a roof-terrace, under the warm July stars of 1858, the author of *The Scarlet Letter* talked with Hiram Powers, the sculptor of 'The Greek Slave'. Powers—cordial, voluble egoist, Swedenborgian store-clerk from Cincinnati—had had, with that marble girl of his, an hour of fame at the Crystal Palace in 1851. By 1858 'The Greek Slave', with nothing to lose but her chains, was in a thousand English parlours under a thousand little glass domes. Even Hawthorne accepted her flesh for the sake of her moral tone; 'a great man', he said of Powers, 'massive and rude as he looks . . . there is nobody else worthy to touch marble'. On the roof that night he and Powers—Powers in dressing-gown, sculptor's cap, and with cheroot—discussed Jews' harps, the Atlantic cable, and flying machines. Powers had the secret of flying but was sure man would not discover the necessary motive power until morally worthy to use it. His huge allegorical figure of 'America'—all youth and progress—led to talk of the right clothes for a modern

statue, to agreement that, sham togas and frock-coats being ridiculous, and the 'drapery of the night' unbecoming, the problem was insoluble. But this, after all, was Italy, and somewhere far below was an outdoor performance in the Teatro Goldoni; music and applause floated up through the night air while they decided—spiritualism being so much in that Florentine air—that they were, almost certainly, surrounded by unseen beings; that other planets must, almost certainly, have their own standards of beauty.

Upon table-rapping, Browning's robust comment was 'Sludge the Medium'. Hawthorne's, the spirits having tugged at Mrs. Story's skirts, that the spirits were indecorous. But it was spiritualism that took him with Miss Blagden—the 'dearest Isa' of the Browning letters—to visit old Seymour Kirkup in the high, dark, labyrinthine house that hung over the Arno. This old necromancer, usually dirty, received them in frock-coat, velvet-collared, and 'pantaloon fresh from the drawer'. Pale, shrivelled, wild-eyed, crack-brained, white bearded, he had nevertheless the very air of an English aristocrat. The rooms, with glimpses between iron bars of the yellow sunlit river, were hung to the ceiling with old masters, with Kirkup's own painting of Trelawney in Turkish dress; and were piled high with black-letter books, with instruments used by nuns to torture themselves with. An attraction, in those naive days, was his practice of the occult science; his start-up—if one may call it so—his discovery through communication with the spirit of Dante, of the Dante profile under the whitewash of the Bargello walls. To us the attraction is the mysterious little girl, 'pale and large-eyed', who, said Hawthorne, 'frisked merrily among dead people's trumpery'. Her mother had been a gloriously beautiful peasant woman, and little Imogen was the medium through whom Kirkup talked with his dead love. The pale child lived alone with the cobwebs and *bric-à-brac*, alone with this old man who slept each night on Shelley's sofa in the hope of seeing a ghost. Miss Blagden, always brisk and kind, suggested a visit to the seaside.

It was the thought of Isa Blagden that took me one afternoon across the Arno, through the tangle of lanes by San Spirito, where, among bakers, tanners, and vintners, our exiles lived upon their Rive Gauche: and so to the twin hills, San Miniato and Bellosguardo, that, like Leigh Hunt's Maiano, looked down upon the city. The old church of San Miniato proclaimed the endurance of places, the mutability of man; for me it was, with its marble arcades, a white symphony upon the theme of the semi-circle; for Hawthorne a collection of tombs, worthy of a glance even though papistical; for Ruskin it was romantic and deserted, 'with a narrow lawn of scented herbage . . . sweet wild weeds upon its steps, all shut in by a hedge of roses'. We each saw it with our own eyes. And from San Miniato one could in those times go by lanes of olive and rural vineyard to the huge cypress avenue of Bellosguardo. There, in Villa Brecchia, lived Isa Blagden: a shadowy being now, but Thomas Trollope called her 'a bright, warm-hearted, clever little woman'; neither writing much nor much written about, one can only suspect that, though not the most eminent, she may for all the others, and at that time, have been a central character. And with others—with Mrs. Trollope, with Kate Field, learning Latin verse from old Savage Landor, with Miss Hayes, busy translating George Sand—Isa was among the first emancipated women; for it was here in Florence and not in London that the English lady first went out alone.

It is in Isa's drawing-room that I visualise Frederick Tennyson. Of the innumerable children of the Somersby rector this was the most eccentric, the least effectual. It was a quarter of a century since *Poems by Two Brothers* had been printed in Louth. Since then Frederick had written very little verse, Alfred a great deal. This, and his undue

sensitivity to criticism, only partly explains Frederick's exile; more pertinent was his own assessment of himself as 'a person of gloomy insignificance and unsocial monomania'. In a swarthy family he was a blond; his forehead was a white dome, while his curls cascaded upon the collar of his Italian coat. Having married a Sienese, he lived in Italy for twenty-six years, but in speaking the language insisted to the end upon the broad vowels of his native wolds. It was not solely as the Laureate's brother that he was acceptable in Florence; it was Browning who persuaded him to publish his verse; Mrs. Browning who introduced him into what he called 'the very thick of Clairvoyants, Rappists, Ecstasies and Swedenborgians'. Both episodes are mercifully forgotten. At the time, however, through electric tickings in the air, Frederick would converse regularly with Mozart. His home was the villa Torrigiani, and there, in the salon decorated by Michelangelo, he would sit in lonely gloom while his private fiddlers played for him alone.

To live in a Bellosguardo villa—at least compared with that Rive Gauche below—argued wealth. So it was on Bellosguardo that our poets and sculptors, though often aloof from the English, found a link with the world of diplomacy. The link was Robert Lytton. One day he was to be Viceroy of India; meanwhile, our diplomatic mission to the Grand Duke of Tuscany being the merest sinecure, he could forget the irritations of protocol; forget, almost, that he was son of Rosina and Bulwer; forget his Mayfair childhood, the torture of Harrow, the extravagances of Knebworth or Gore House. Instead he could bask in the sympathy, the kindness, of Casa Guidi. Bulwer might dismiss his son's verses as having only 'a Wertheristic melancholy and Byronic cynicism', but the son, under the pen name of Owen Meredith and as disciple of Browning, came near to immortality. He could call himself a 'sensitive second-rate poet', but on the terrace at Bellosguardo, among American sculptors, the dowdy Trollope family and the blue-stockings, he came swimming into Mrs. Browning's world as the perfect young Victorian. Together they would play with Penini; together—their liberalistic consciences stirred—they watched the Austrian troops enter a silent grim city; together, from their Florentine Olympus and in frail intellectualism, they surveyed Europe's battle for liberty; together they table-rapped.

To Lytton, or Owen Meredith, those years were an idyllic interlude. 'How careful the cookery', he wrote, 'how easy the conversation! the wine so choice and old; the wit so young and fresh!' And of an afternoon at Bellosguardo Mrs. Browning wrote: 'We were all bachelors together there, I made tea, and we ate strawberries and cream, and talked spiritualism through one of the pleasantest two hours I remember . . . Florence dissolving in the purple hills'. Lytton and Mrs. Browning lived in the same idyll, and so, very nearly, they wrote poems to each other. It was after those pleasant two hours that Lytton wrote his 'Evening in Tuscany':

But look down now o'er the city
Sleeping soft among the hills—
Our dear Florence! That great Pitti
With its steady shadow fills.

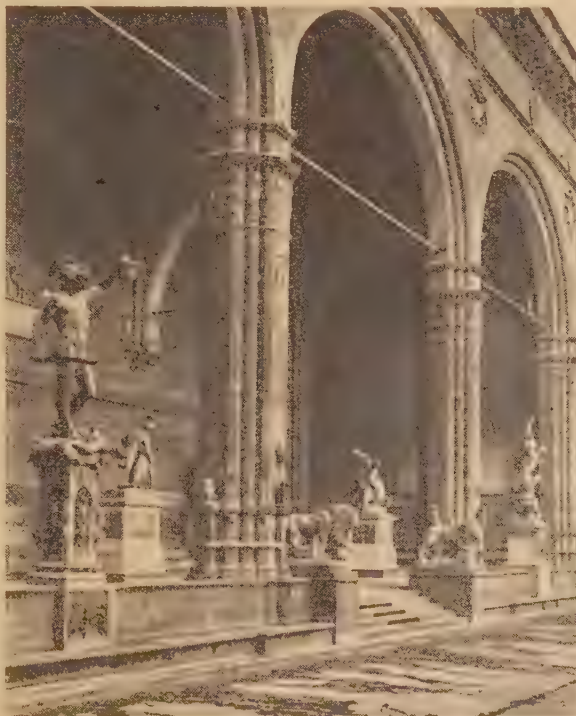
That was Florence from the legation terrace; the response, a verse in 'Aurora Leigh', was the legation itself:

No sun could die, nor yet be born unseen
By dwellers at my villa . . .

Then, again, the more famous, if also more alliterative and ecstatic of the Owen Meredith poems:

Midnight and love, and youth, and Italy!
Love in the land where love most lovely seems . . .

—and a lot more of the same kind.—*Third Programme*



'Our English exiles would sit on the broad steps of the Loggia, the hum of the Piazza around them': the Loggia dei Lanzi, Florence

The New Dictionary of the Russian Language

By IVAN BILIBIN

THE publication in Moscow of a revised edition of a one-volume *Dictionary of the Russian Language*, containing 51,533 words and corresponding roughly to the *Concise Oxford* is not in itself a matter of great interest to the British public. Students of the Russian language in this country will find this book useful in some ways, exasperating and inadequate in many others. It is not, however, with its merits and demerits as a dictionary that I propose to deal here.

Soviet Labels

The compilers of this dictionary, which is marked by last year's date, have provided us with their definitions of the main bulk of the vocabulary content of what they describe as the 'literary Russian language', written and spoken, now in current use, and by their definition of this term we may take it to correspond to the Queen's English. They have profusely illustrated many of their definitions with phrases and sentences and have labelled many of the words defined with special classifications: such as 'obsolete', 'archaic', 'grandiloquent', 'bookish', 'colloquial', 'provincial', 'derisive'. In the preface we are told that the illustrative sentences and the classifications have been revised and brought up to date. This dictionary in fact, is a snapshot of the accepted Soviet interpretation given, on the eve of Stalin's death, to all the words in the Russian language whose meaning is in any way controversial.

What I now propose to do is to examine this chance snapshot from various angles and to see what it has to reveal, by definition or by omission, on those topics of general interest and those expressions of the Soviet view which we normally explore from other, more customary sources. There is something in the absoluteness and finality of a dictionary definition which gives a new slant to what we already know, and sometimes presents us with a surprise.

As I have just mentioned Stalin's death, we might risk a little speculation on the effect which this event and what has followed it may have had on the accepted interpretation of some words, and pick out one or two in the dictionary whose definition might today require some revision. I can think of one at least: the word *Vozhd*—leader. Here is the definition: '1. Universally recognised guide in ideas and politics. 2. In ancient times: military commander, captain'. The Soviet lexicographer today might revise the definition of the first meaning in the light of the present persistent campaign against the cult of the leader.

The time is not yet ripe, however, for speculations of this kind, and it would be safer to let the present edition of the dictionary speak for itself. Let us begin with a problem that gets much space in Soviet political literature: the national problem. The article on the word *Natsiya*, nation, is illustrated with a lengthy period: 'The Socialist nations of the Soviet Union arose and developed on the basis of the old bourgeois nations as a result of the liquidation of capitalism, as a result of their radical reform in the spirit of Socialism'. Under *Narod*, people, we read: '1. The population of a state, the inhabitants of a country. Illustration: The Soviet people is a heroic people, a creative people. 2. Same as 'nation'. Illustration: The great Russian people'.

The various nationalities of the Soviet Union are described as 'forming the basic population' of their respective republic. For instance: 'Azerbaijanians: a people of the Turki language group, forming the basic population of the Azerbaijani S.S.R.'. The Russians get more space devoted to them: 'Russians: an East Slav people forming the basic population of the R.S.F.R. and widely populating the other republics of the U.S.S.R.'. This is followed by phrases illustrating the adjective 'Russian': 'the great Russian language. The Russian people is a guiding force in the Soviet Union among all the other peoples of our country. Russian revolutionary *élan* . . . '.

Some of the current names of a number of nationalities in the Soviet Union differ from their pre-revolutionary designation. In some cases the old names are given. They are omitted, however, when they are in any way derogatory, as in the case of the formerly current name for the Uzbeks—*Sarty*—which means 'dogs' in the Uzbek language. *Samoyedes*, the former name of the Arctic people now known as the

Nentsy, is also not very complimentary, as it has a strong suggestion of cannibalism. This word is mentioned in brackets under 'Nentsy' but has no article in its own right. The derivative terms *khokhol* for Ukrainian and *chukhma* for Finn, and *katsap*, the Ukrainian derisive term for a Russian, are omitted by the dictionary, unlike the *Concise Oxford*, which includes 'froggy', 'hun', 'wop', and 'sassenach'. The term *maloross*—Little Russian—is also omitted, presumably out of deference to Ukrainian national pride. When we look for those Soviet nations that have fared badly after the war, we find no trace of the Kalmucks, the Ingushes, or the Crimean Tartars, while the deported Chechens are described in a sinister way as a 'Caucasian people living within the confines of the U.S.S.R.'.

The definitions of the names of foreign nationalities are straightforward, but words derived from these names present some interest. 'To Americanise' is defined as 'to subject to the imperialist policy of the U.S.A.'. There is a spate of words derived from *Angliya*—England: *Anglomaniac*, *Anglomania*, *Anglophile*, *Anglophilia*, *Anglophobe*, *Anglophiba*. 'Anglophilia' is described as a 'tendency to support British interests in everything, biased sympathy for everything British'. The dictionary, however, is non-committal as to what the official Soviet attitude is towards all these sentiments, friendly or hostile, towards this country. Every one of these terms is classified as 'obsolete'.

The basic definition of 'democracy' is neutral and uncontroversial, but is followed by definitions of 'socialist democracy', and 'bourgeois democracy' in accepted Soviet style. 'Cosmopolitanism' gets no neutral definition and is described as a 'reactionary, anti-patriotic, bourgeois outlook on things, hypocritically regarding the whole world as one's fatherland, denying the value of national culture, rejecting the right of nations to independent existence . . .'. An illustrative sentence says that cosmopolitanism is 'the ideology of American imperialism aspiring to world domination'. One of the meanings of 'poverty' is illustrated by the phrase: 'spiritual poverty of cosmopolitans'. The colonial issue makes frequent appearances, mostly in the illustrations: 'to starve'—'In colonial countries the working masses are starving'.

The Jews are described as a 'people of the Semitic linguistic branch, consisting of a number of scattered groups living in the countries of Europe, Asia, and America, united by common descent and certain common characteristics of national character and, partially, by community of religion'. The derogatory term *zhid* is omitted. Anti-Semitism is described in the accepted manner as a 'hostile attitude of hatred towards the Jews artificially created by the bourgeoisie in its own class interests'. The definition of 'pogrom', however, is not in any way connected with anti-Semitism in pre-revolutionary Russia: 'pogrom—in capitalist countries: reactionary, chauvinist action against some individual national group of the population, accompanied by ruin, loot and mass murder'. There is no trace of the words 'Zionism' or 'Zionist'.

Religion Much in Evidence

Religion and religious observance are very much in evidence, and here the presence or absence of the classifications 'obsolete' or 'archaic' present considerable interest and are often very erratic. The background is provided by the official Soviet attitude towards religion, with its very antiquated arguments dating back to the latter half of the last century, such as the denial of the historicity of Jesus Christ. Christianity is thus defined as a 'religion based on the cult of the mythical Jesus Christ'. The Gospel is described as 'part of the Bible containing legendary tales about the life and teaching of the mythical Christ'. The Bible is rather clumsily described as a 'book containing the myths and dogmas of the Jewish and Christian religions'. Even the apostles are regarded as 'mythical'. In the article on the Apocalypse the New Testament is for some reason referred to as the 'so-called' New Testament.

Some of the articles on terms of religion or akin to religion are unclassified, implying that the term is in current general use. Others are classified as limited to certain sections of the population: 'in the

Orthodox Church'; 'in use among believers'; 'in use among the religiously-minded'. The remainder are classified as 'obsolete' or, less frequently, 'archaic'. As a rule the words that are given as in current general use are basic words, such as God, Gospel, Christianity, Baptist, mysticism; and words pertaining to the organisation of religious communities and the celebration of religious rites, such as bishop, priest, pastor, rabbi, mitre, censer, altar, to marry in church. A far larger number of words is classified as in limited use. 'Communion', and 'father' as a form of address to a priest, are classified as 'in use among believers'; 'archangel' and 'antichrist', as 'in Christian mythology'. 'Obsolete' is a classification usually reserved for more general terms of religious connotation, such as 'blasphemy', or metaphors borrowed from the Scriptures, such as 'prodigal son'.

Separate classifications are often given to different meanings of the same word. The article on 'prayer' is very curious: '1. In use among believers: The established text which is read when addressing God or the saints. Illustration: To read a prayer. 2. Supplication, religious mystical address to God or the saints with requests for something (obsolete). Illustration: To stand in prayer'. Presumably the distinction is that the reading of established texts of prayer, being permitted by the Soviet Constitution, is something that belongs to the present day, while to imagine that he who reads these texts seriously believes that he is addressing an entreaty to God or the saints reveals an old-fashioned frame of mind.

Colloquialisms derived from religious expressions are not uniform in their classification, and I suppose we must take some of the classifications we are given on trust. 'For God's sake' as an insistent request is described as obsolete. 'Glory be to God', on the other hand, meaning 'Fine, excellent!' is given as colloquial. No wonder, for it was a favourite expression of Stalin's and once baffled an allied statesman on a visit to Moscow during the war, who took it literally. Another word which, curiously enough, is described as colloquial is *bezbozhnik*, 'godless one', a word which before the war was very official indeed, being the one used in the title of the Union of Militant Godless. Now it is described as 'colloquial: person who denies the existence of God, struggles against religious narcotic'. The adjective derived from it is given quite another meaning: 'inadmissible, dishonest. Illustrations: a godless liar. To make a godless mess of it'. Shades of irreligion creep in among the definitions of some colloquialisms: for instance, 'Second Coming (colloquial, jocular): an event which will never take place'.

Pancakes before Saints

Some words that have always been associated with the church calendar are given definitions that are divorced from these associations: '*Maslenitsa*, Shrovetide: ancient Slav festival of seeing out the winter, during which pancakes were cooked and festivities were organised'. In the case of words which are religious in their origin but have developed derivative secular connotations, the order of the meanings given is reversed, the secular ones being given first. *Svyatoy*, which means 'saint, holy, sacred', is defined in the first place as 'imbued with high-minded sentiments, lofty, ideal. Sacred attitude towards one's duty as a citizen'. The religious meanings are given last, a 'saint' being described as a 'person who devoted his life to the interests of the Church and religion and after his death is recognised by believers as a model of Christian life'.

The ideals of the Soviet way of life and the blessings of the Soviet welfare state find their reflections here and there. The adjective 'prosperous' is illustrated by the phrase 'prosperous collective farmer'; 'savings', by 'labour savings'; 'to inherit', by the sentence: 'the right to inherit is safeguarded by law'. The vices of the bourgeois way of life are exposed in the illustration to the word 'charity': 'private charity is one of the means of masking the exploiter character of the bourgeoisie'. A rather sour-sweet definition is given to the English word 'gentleman': 'in England: an eminently well-behaved person who acts in the spirit of bourgeois morals and has acquired the manners of the upper layers of bourgeois society'.

The political angle of the dictionary is reflected in the preface. 'The international significance of the Russian language', we are told, 'is on the increase in the epoch of the triumph of Socialism in our country and of the building of Communism. For the languages of the entire world the Russian language is a source of new conceptions and terms of Socialist culture, of the policy of true democracy and progress'.

Another thing we are told in the preface is that the dictionary does not give the derivation of words, as it 'does not set itself any

etymological tasks, but seeks only to present the norms of modern usage of words'. This self-imposed limitation precludes, I suppose, any criticism of failure to explain the origin of a word even when such an explanation would be welcome and instructive. Let us take the definition given of the word *coryphaeus*, a word of which Soviet publicists are very fond. It was customary to describe Stalin as the 'great coryphaeus of Soviet science'. The *Concise Oxford* defines this word as 'leader of a chorus (also figurative)'. The Soviet dictionary gives only the figurative meaning: 'a person outstanding in any walk of life'.

This detailed instance is a pointer to one of the basic defects of this dictionary. What we have here, in fact, is a disastrous combination: a partisan approach to the meaning of words coupled with disregard of their origin. As Hobbes put it: 'The errors of definitions multiply themselves according as the reckoning proceeds; and lead men into absurdities, which at last they see but cannot avoid, without reckoning anew from the beginning'.—*Third Programme*

A Child Drawing a Picture

I—The child drawing

Why do you hold your head
So near the page? To look through and deep down
Into a country of your own
Which I have never visited?
So through the surface of a stream
Down looks an angler at a fish, the fish looks up at him.

Or is it a pane of glass
Through which a prisoner, a thief
Trapped in the entered house, gazes to find out if
There be the smallest way to pass
Back where he left, when he came thence,
His freedom with his innocence?

Yes, and your hand that seems to draw
Is moving on the cloud-white pane
To find the exit and the lane
Into that territory I never saw;
And what we call your picture will be the hints,
The broken window and the fingerprints,
Of one who got away long since.

* II—The picture

Owl-eyed and without arms
A monolithic man
Struts on the blood-red ground beneath
A dandelion sun.

Perched on a solid bush
A cock with metal cries
Wakes the tall windows of a house
Into a shocked surprise.

Over this field of graves—
A cloud of thunder rolls—
May be a cloud, may be
Smudge of departing souls.

My English landscape, full
Of years and compromise,
O temperate zone, a child
Has seen you with such eyes

That from your elements
The best and worst may break,
The smoking grave may open,
The sun may speak.

HAL SUMMERS

NEWS DIARY

October 14-20

Wednesday, October 14

The Government to publish a White Paper on British Guiana

Arab Legion reports that an Israeli force had attacked Jordan border village of Qibya

Major-General Sir John Winterton, British Commander of Anglo-American Zone of Trieste, bans public meetings and parades

Thursday, October 15

Mr. Dulles, American Secretary of State, and M. Bidault, French Foreign Minister, arrive in London for talks with Mr. Eden

British atomic weapon exploded at the Woomera Range, Australia

Communists in Korea start explanatory talks to prisoners refusing repatriation

Sir Winston Churchill awarded 1953 Nobel Prize for Literature

Friday, October 16

Western Foreign Ministers begin meetings in London

British Ambassador in Tel Aviv expresses to Israel Government 'the horror of Her Majesty's Government' at Jordan border incident

1,000 Northern Korean anti-communist prisoners-of-war refuse to attend 'explanatory' talks

Saturday, October 17

Signor Pella, Italian Prime Minister, says that his Government will not be able to stay in office if Britain and the U.S.A. change their decision on Zone A of Trieste

Three Western Powers ask United Nations Security Council to consider tension between Israel and neighbouring Arab states

Police reinforcements sent to Kano, Northern Nigeria, as a 'precautionary measure'

Sunday, October 18

Communiqué published at conclusion of Foreign Ministers' meetings

President Tito has talks with three western envoys in Belgrade on Trieste

Israel Cabinet decide to complain to United Nations Security Council over alleged violations of armistice agreement by Arab countries

Monday, October 19

Security Council asks Chief of Staff of Armistice Commission in Palestine to report on frontier incidents

Chinese agree to meet American representatives at Panmunjom to discuss time and place for political conference on Korea

Strike stops work at Smithfield market

Tuesday, October 20

Parliament reassembles after summer recess. Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Eden make statements on foreign affairs

Government not to restore university seats



The three western Foreign Ministers who met in London last week-end, photographed with Sir Winston Churchill at 10 Downing Street on Sunday. On his right are M. Georges Bidault of France and Mr. Anthony Eden; on his left, Mr. John Foster Dulles, the American Secretary of State. Behind are the American and French Ambassadors, left, Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, and right, M. René Massigli.



On October 17 the Queen unveiled at Runnymede a memorial to more than 20,000 men and women of the Commonwealth Air Forces who died in the war and have no known grave. Her Majesty is seen, accompanied by Mr. Edward Maufe, the architect, walking through the cloisters of the memorial.

Right: part of the east wing of the restored Trinity House (the general lighthouse and pilotage authority of the United Kingdom) on Tower Hill which will be opened by the Queen on Trafalgar Day, October 21. The building suffered heavy damage in the war.



The ruins of the Jordan border village of Qibya after it had been attacked by Arab forces on October 14. According to the Arab people were killed and forty houses destroyed.





Scenes from Zones A and B of Trieste: above, left, demonstrators in Kopar in Zone B celebrating Marshal Tito's decision to treat as 'an act of aggression' any attempt by Italian troops to enter Zone A; above, right, Italians in the disputed Zone A celebrating in the hills outside San Giusto the recent Anglo-American decision



A photograph taken a few minutes after the explosion of the British atomic weapon at the Woomera rocket range, Australia, on October 15.



The Queen's Cup, commissioned by the worshipful company of Goldsmiths to commemorate the Coronation which, with fourteen other pieces of ceremonial silver, is on show in the Riverside Promenade of the Festival Hall



The annual wine tasting of a firm of French wine shippers took place in London last week. The event lasts three days and is attended by hundreds of connoisseurs and buyers



Left: the first sale to take place in the rebuilt premises of Christie's in King Street, St. James's, on October 16. The building was badly damaged in the war. Sir Alec Martin, the auctioneer, is seen awaiting bids for paintings in the Cowper Collection from Fanshanger, the home of the late Lady Desborough



What's new in the bakehouse, Mrs. Buckley?

In making cakes and pastries by the million every day and making them turn out a treat every time, the baker is aided by baking powders made with pure food phosphates. These are provided by Albright & Wilson who also supply—through their allied organization the Antelope Company—the new silicone compound which is superseding grease for bread tins. This method is cleaner and more hygienic and a single application of the silicone is enough to prevent sticking for many bakings.



Chemicals for Industry

ALBRIGHT & WILSON

ALBRIGHT & WILSON LTD. • 49 PARK LANE • LONDON • W.1

NEW 161

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

What Trieste Means to Italy

Sir,—Mr. Giorgio Borsa beats the Italian drum with moderation and most of what he says is true. Yet I do not think he can legitimately claim among his supporters Mazzini, who had a respect for what he called the 'Sclavonian people, which has not yet uttered its national cry'. Most Italians *do*, of course, 'feel it in their bones' that Trieste is Italian. But what chaos would result if we attended too deferentially to what they or anyone else feel in their bones! For example, Italian bones still ache about Fiume and the entire Dalmatian coast. This is not a fascist ache. Edoardo Susemihl's book on Fiume was written before Mussolini, and before even d'Annunzio. Has anti-fascist Italy expunged from the walls of Padua university those gay frescoes of 'Italian' towns most of which lay along the Croatian coast? I am sure that, in deference to the student's bones, they are still there, though scarcely one per cent. of their population is Italian.

Some years ago Maria Pasquinelli assassinated General de Winton in protest against the allied occupation of Trieste. She had assisted vigorously at the Italianisation of the Croats in Split, yet, as most of the Trieste newspapers of the time revealed, she was regarded as a patriot and a martyr.

Trieste is, I suppose, as Italian as Dublin is English; that is to say most of its culture and architecture and its prevailing language are imported from outside. But what of that? The surrounding country has been for centuries predominantly Slav and it is natural that Slavs should feel in their bones that Trieste is theirs. Ask any Irishman about Dublin.

Mr. Borsa argues that, so as not to encourage fascists and communists in Italy, the present Italian government must be allowed a victory at Trieste. But where will such opportunist reasoning lead us? There are extremists in Yugoslavia, too, far more nationalist, far more communist than the present Government; undoubtedly they will be encouraged by a setback to Marshal Tito. Should we because of them make unjust concessions to Tito's government?

Why has no real effort ever been made to transform the Free State of Trieste from a muddled, half-hearted compromise into a reality? Some years ago I found in Trieste a small group, few but influential, who believed fervently in Trieste for the Triestini. Their organ was *Trieste Sera* and they claimed that the real Triestini were a Mischvolk, neither Slav nor Latin nor Germanic. They claimed that of the many unemployed Triestini it was not the Italians or the Yugoslavs but the Triestini themselves who were in the majority. In the university and cultural institutes the posts were rarely held by Triestini.

The staff of *Trieste Sera* told me that every other newspaper in Trieste but theirs was heavily subsidised from outside. Why has the movement for the Julian Free State had such feeble backing from the English and the Americans, who would surely have much to gain by its adoption?

These Triestini believe that if they were in charge of their own destinies, their town on the frontiers of the Slav and Latin world could become a focus of cultural contact for all those of Slav and Latin race who set a value on the intercourse of the two peoples. Trieste might in time become, as Geneva did in the eighteenth

century, a meeting place of revolutionary and conservative thinking. In this way, disadvantages that appear to be crippling would be turned to good account.

Mr. Borsa will think all this moonshine, yet it was on these lines, I believe, that Mazzini, whose work he praises, would have been thinking today.—Yours, etc.,

Bennettsbridge

HUBERT BUTLER

A Trio of Critics

Sir,—Mr. Philip Carr makes a slip in his 'Trio of Critics' (THE LISTENER, October 15) over the age of C. E. Montague when joining up. No man could pass an army medical board when over sixty. When the war broke out in 1914 Montague was in his forty-eighth year. At the *Manchester Guardian* farewell eleven years later Henry Nevinston spoke the right word about this action. We had all heard, he said, of heads being turned white by fear. C. E. Montague was the one and only man known to us whose white hair had been turned brown through courage.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.11

S. K. RATCLIFFE

Sir,—Mr. Philip Carr refers to William Archer's 'one play' ('The Green Goddess').

I was closely acquainted with his son, Thomas Archer, both at Oxford and, to a less degree, in subsequent years. T. Archer, who was mortally wounded at Mt. Kemmel in 1918, used to write delightful dramatic skits for the amusement of our little group, and I have always considered 'The Green Goddess' far more like a *jeu d'esprit* of the younger Archer, written perfectly seriously, than anything one would ordinarily associate with the more solemn pen of W. Archer.

Did the son inherit this instinct for melodrama latent in the father except for this one play, or could W. Archer have been unconsciously influenced by some light-hearted foolery of the son? I cannot claim to have seen in MS. anything that could positively be identified with 'The Green Goddess', but the general plan of the play with its touch of blatant militarism seemed to me, when it was first produced, to strike a familiar note.

Mr. W. Archer is quoted by Mr. Carr as saying that this melodrama 'came to him, almost complete, in a dream'. I can imagine the impish spirit of T. Archer obtruding itself in this way.—Yours, etc.,

Birmingham, 17

C. TRENCHARD

Sir,—Mr. Philip Carr might have rounded off his heart-warming tribute to three great dramatic critics by reminding us that Walkley was gently satirised by Shaw as 'Trotter', in the prologue to 'Fanny's First Play'—'he's thoroughly English: never happy except when he's in Paris, and speaks French so unnecessarily well that everybody there spots him as an Englishman the moment he opens his mouth'. It was Shaw, too, who drew William Archer's portrait in a single stroke: 'Archer, his fine face marred by its expression of unscrupulous integrity'.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.4

J. F. HORRABIN

Britain and Egypt

Sir,—Your extracts, 'What They Are Saying', (October 15), are of interest. Regarding the extract from Gerhardt Eisler's talk from the east

German radio, I do not know what was the original German expression used for 'working classes'. He might have added or stated more clearly that there is a struggle within a struggle, as it were. The struggle of the 'oppressed classes' against their corrupt rulers. The oppressed classes comprise about ninety-five per cent. of the Egyptian population and, but for 'imperialism', they would have been even more oppressed.

There has been a struggle in Egypt of the peasant class but rather longer than seventy years. It started, in fact, about eighty-four years ago, i.e., thirteen years before the British occupation. It was the beginning of a struggle which has culminated in the military *coup d'état* under the military junta in Cairo. The British occupation was the indirect result of the corrupt rule of Ismail Pasha. Nobody benefited from this occupation more than Egypt's oppressed classes, thanks to the genius of Lord Cromer.

Gerhardt Eisler's statement requires some qualifications which may interest your readers. The 'working classes' received their inspiration to rise against their rulers from foreigners: an Afghan, a Jew, and a Syrian Christian, *viz.*, Jamal-uddine al-Afghani, the father of the real renaissance in the Near and Middle East; James Sanua, a Jew, called Abu Naddarah, was the champion of the rights of the peasants and the first leader to teach the Egyptian oppressed that their enemies were the ruling classes; the third, Selim Naqqash, actually coined the slogan the Egyptians have used since the eighteen-seventies, 'Egypt for the Egyptians', used by Gerhardt Eisler in his talk. Selim Naqqash did not enjoy the necessary freedom to publish his large work in nine volumes in Alexandria until after the British occupation in 1884; he still called the work *Egypt for the Egyptians* but the Egyptians needed a foreigner to write it for them.

A struggle continued under Mustafa Kamil, and then Saad Zaghlul, leading to further corruption and bad government of the Waft and other parties. These people wanted power to exploit the people. The struggle then developed through the working classes and the peasants, again inspired by two foreign sources in the main: the one German which supplies technical, industrial, military, and political inspiration and assistance; the other, Sovietic, which supplies the ideology and the techniques of revolution and chaos. There are minor foreign influences supplied by the Palestinian Mufti, al-Hajj Amin al-Husaini, and his lieutenants.

James Sanua's example is followed by Laila Mourad, the Jewess famous for her singing. She is the woman who sang and recorded the new anthem of the military junta, 'Al-Ittihad, Nizam, wal-Amal', 'Unity, Order, and Work'. The music was composed by a Lebanese. The original inspiration of the anthem is, of course, Nazi. Eisler's extract might be re-written with the last three words italicised, *for them alone!*

Yours, etc.,

Woking

J. HEYWORTH-DUNNE

'The Passing of Parliament'

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of October 8, Mr. C. Hollis, M.P., explains why there is little or no hope of checking the growth of the administrative tribunal. Many continental countries, faced by the same problem, solved it by setting up administrative appeal courts.

France has the Conseil d'Etat, and several

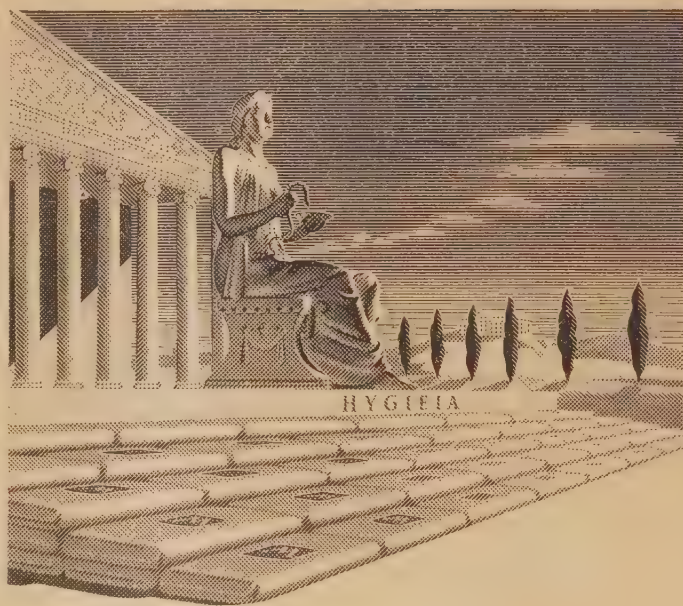


No Man's Land

GREAT TRACTS OF AFRICA remain today much as Livingstone found them — silent, often beautiful, potentially fertile, but without human inhabitants. No man lives there, for he cannot survive without his beasts, and in those regions even the hardest cattle are struck down by a deadly disease — trypanosomiasis — which is carried by the tsetse fly. Today, modern science is aiming its weapons in a twofold offensive against trypanosomiasis. One attack is on the tsetse fly, by clearing the bush in which it lives, and by using powerful modern insecticides such as 'Gammexane', which was discovered by I.C.I. research workers. The other is aimed at the malady itself, by means of drugs to cure the disease or prevent it developing in animals living in tsetse-infested areas.

In 1949, a group of I.C.I. scientists, working in laboratories in Manchester, evolved an entirely new compound, 'Antrycide', which can cure cattle stricken with trypanosomiasis. Even more important, however, is the protective effect of 'Antrycide', for animals treated with it can live in, or pass through, tsetse-infested areas, where there is better grazing. Similarly, herds can be protected during the long treks which they may have to make across dangerous tsetse areas in order to reach markets hundreds of miles distant. Many obstacles have to be faced by those who hope to transform the fly-belts of Africa into productive regions where livestock and agriculture may flourish. But the increasing use of modern veterinary drugs — of which 'Antrycide' is an outstanding example — will undoubtedly help towards a solution of this important problem.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited



Steps to hygiene...

The Greeks worshipped Hygieia as the goddess of health. We do not worship hygiene but we practise it more and more, and the importance of food cleanliness is being increasingly recognised. Here a vital part is played by paper. Paper bags, paper wrappings and for bulk deliveries the multi-wall paper sack, protecting its contents from contamination as no other sack can. The Medway multi-wall sack is ideal for the packaging of sugar, flour and all sorts of human food and animal feeding stuffs. It is tough, resilient, sift-proof and resistant to moisture. It is indeed a revolution in hygienic packing and a typical example of the way in which the Reed Paper Group—with its great resources for the development and manufacture of paper products—is continually seeking to contribute better products to serve the nation's daily needs.

MEDWAY MULTI-WALL SACKS

Products of
MEDWAY PAPER SACKS LTD
Division of the

Reed

PAPER GROUP

Head Office: 105 Piccadilly, London, W.1

In the campaign for clean, pure food Reed Group paper plays an important part: Aylesford kraft and M.G. sulphite papers for traders' bags and wrappings—Medway multi-wall sacks, corrugated paper and corrugated cases for wholesale deliveries—Powell Lane waxed bread wraps and confectionery packing.

other countries Supreme Administrative Courts to which appeal can be lodged against any decision of administrative authorities, including Cabinet Ministers. A Supreme Court of this type has been in operation in Austria and subsequently in its succession states for some eighty years past, and has proved a fortress of civic rights. It is bound only by Acts of Parliament, and is free to disregard rules and regulations issued by administrative authorities if these are not properly based on the respective Acts. Parliament is thus relieved of the task of examining rules and regulations, and the Court can force administrative authorities to recast those that are found arbitrary or contrary to the respective Acts by overriding them.

Jordans

Yours, etc.,

I. V. C.

Portraits from Memory

Sir,—I am well aware of the device used by Mr. Howard Lees which lends emphasis to a man's own knowledge by describing what somebody else does not know as 'elementary'. All the same, Mr. Lees has been in too much of a hurry in asserting that 'there are not any liver hormones'. If by that he means that the liver does not produce hormones, I am, of course, with him; but the late Professor J. Arthur Thomson has written: 'Hormones are chemical messengers of great potency which are produced in the ductless glands, such as the thyroid and the supra-renal, and are distributed by the blood throughout the body. . . . They are indispensable to health, for they regulate the activities of the body'. I have no reason to suppose that the liver is exempted from regulation by hormones and that these are not present in the liver injections given during the fashionable treatment of pernicious anaemia.

May I say what I know of Shaw's illness? In 1942, I was having tea in a Liverpool café with Dr. Joad, Dr. Olaf Stapledon, and one or two others, when Dr. Joad came out with the statement that Shaw had been suffering from pernicious anaemia and had been having injections of brandy and beef tea. I murmured some protest at this obvious absurdity, but the Joads were too heavy for me at the time. As soon as possible afterwards, I wrote to Shaw's secretary, Miss Patch, for the facts. She replied that 'on June 4, 1938, G.B.S. was discovered to be suffering from pernicious anaemia and for six weeks he did nothing but rest (he was not bedridden) and at intervals had injections of liver hormone'. As is well known, Miss Patch is a qualified dispenser, and presumably knew what she was talking about.

As to Mr. Lees' final point, he should realise that we are all (especially in old age) pretty well helpless in the hands of the doctors, who seldom or never consult us about their treatment. I might add, however, that Shaw told a reporter after his recovery, that the liver injections had nearly killed him. Quite possibly a little more 'cogitation' will prove the liver treatment a fad like so many others of the sort.

Yours, etc.,

Liverpool, 15

ALLAN M. LAING

The Ankara Pact

Sir,—It would be interesting to know on what authority Mr. Bickham Sweet-Escott has based his reference (THE LISTENER, October 15) to 'Russia's declared intention of creating an independent Macedonian state'. I can find no reference to this in, for instance, Elisabeth Barker's exhaustive and authoritative book, *Macedonia—Its Place In Balkan Power Politics*, published by Chatham House in 1950, and can recall no reference to it elsewhere.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

EDGAR P. YOUNG

Spotting the Winner

Sir,—Mr. H. C. Rowley in his letter appearing in THE LISTENER for October 15 has overlooked the very great differences between English and American railways when making his comparisons to the detriment of the former. The American loading gauge permits locomotives 11 feet 2 inches wide and up to 16 feet 5½ inches high, compared with our limits of 8 feet 11 inches and 13 feet 3 inches respectively. In consequence of this, American engines can be built far larger than ours, and their capacity for haulage is thus far and away greater than that of those running over here. Our largest engines possess a grate area of 50 square feet, while the mechanical stokers across the Atlantic have to feed as many as 150 square feet with coal or oil.

The performances quoted by Mr. Rowley are therefore not surprising and certainly do not eclipse that of 'Mallard' when all the differences are taken into account. During the 1948 exchange trials, 'Mallard' did not suffer three major failures. On two occasions her middle big-end ran hot, while 'Seagull' of the same class also suffered a similar mishap. The running hot of a bearing cannot be considered as a major breakdown under any circumstances. Neither has 'King George V' ever hauled trains out of King's Cross. In 1948, the engine that took part in the exchanges was 'King Henry VI'.

It is of interest to recall that since nationalisation the 'King' class locomotives have been improved to the point where they have achieved start-to-stop averages of all but 60 m.p.h. with loads of 800 tons. When the Gresley 'Pacifics' come to be tested, before or after alteration, the results will be of the greatest interest, but it is unlikely to be practicable for train schedules in this densely populated country to take full advantage of either class's maximum capabilities.

In conclusion, I would like to support Mr. Elliott Fletcher's views on timing from the quarter-mile posts. They are an accurately surveyed basis on which to make speed calculations, and their use also enables the speed to be related precisely with the gradients. For accuracy, however, at speeds of over 60 m.p.h., the speed should not be calculated over less than half a mile, even with a tenth-second watch.

Yours, etc.,

Middlesbrough

P. W. B. SEMMENS

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Jungle Postman

Sir,—Your correspondent (THE LISTENER, October 15), and perhaps others, may be interested in the following extract from an old book by Dr. Henri Girgois, on the *Aborigines of South America*. Translated it reads as follows:

One of the most notable features of the administrative laws created by this Pirhua was the law by which he ordained that the kings should, thenceforth, reside in the capital of the Empire, in order to supervise and facilitate the carrying on of public affairs. He put the roads in a good state, and established the Chaskis or couriers. He caused to be built, along the roads, at intervals of about ten kilometres, the Tambos, post houses, at which one or more Chaskis were always ready to relay one who arrived, and in that way, news was circulated very rapidly. The upkeep of the roads and the Chaskis was a charge on the province. The Chaskis were changed every month; it was very hard work. The manner in which the King transmitted his messages to the governors changed as the civilisation changed. When the use of letters and figures was known, they wrote on banana leaves, and the Chaskis passed these from hand to hand, until they reached the King or Governor for whom they were destined. When the use of writing was suppressed, they learned by heart the order or news which they had to transmit, and repeated it, one to another. Before arriving at the Tambo,

the Chaski gave a call to give notice of his arrival to the one who would take his place; that one waited before the Tambo and started to run immediately, receiving the communication as he ran. The Tambos served also as rest houses for travellers.

The 'Pirhua' emperor referred to in the above extract, 'Inti-Kapak', reigned (according to the Amauta traditions) at a period which would correspond with 3,200 B.C., according to our reckoning.—Yours, etc.,

Wootton Wawen

FRED J. MAYERS

The Land of the Future

Sir,—Mr. J. A. Camacho (THE LISTENER, October 15) must have set many a Welshman smiling with his reference to the 'funny straw hats' of Mexico as being 'no funnier . . . than hats in Wales'. Whether the tall beaver hat which he probably had in mind is authentically Welsh is a disputed point, but apart from our charming Miss Janet Jones of the Wales Tourist Board and an occasional rather self-conscious harpist or St. David's Day performer, the women of Wales, like the men, wear the type of headgear favoured by people of similar tastes in England. Perhaps Mr. Camacho has been misled by travel posters or by comic postcards 'from Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwll - llandysilio-goch'.—Yours, etc.,

Aberystwyth

W. D. MORGAN

Autumn Shrubs

AMONG AUTUMN SHRUBS none gives a better or more protracted display from July to November than the golden hypericums. The arching shoots of *Hypericum patulum Henryi* are hung for weeks with two-and-a-half-inch flowers like great king-cups. Two good contrasting companions to the golden hypericums are the sage-like *Caryopteris clandonensis* with small violet flowers, and the azure of the small lilac-like flowers of the ceanothus Autumnal Blue. These are among the best of autumn shrubs with a long spell of colour.

For their ability to grow almost anywhere, to have attractive foliage which is evergreen in some species, to be massed with berries and to bear colourful foliage, the cotoneasters are supreme. The natural growth of the very common *Cotoneaster horizontalis*, with the branches spreading like a fan, makes it admirable for hiding a bare wall. The most spectacular berries or fruits are those of the finest of wild roses, the claret red *Rosa Moyesii*: these fruits are vase-shaped and well over an inch in length. I remember visiting a famous Cornish garden last autumn, and among the hundreds of trees and shrubs the Japanese maples, or acers, stood out as the October sunlight glowed down through them with a purplish rather than a fiery red. Their only rivals were a smallish tree from America called *Nyssa sylvatica*, unfortunately still rather rare in this country, which blazed in gold and intense scarlet. For the small garden there are many varieties of the delicately leaved *Acer palmatum*, some of which bear wine-coloured leaves, but all of which look well in autumn. Another species giving brilliant autumn foliage is *Acer guiniale*.

Euonymus is the botanical name of the spindle trees. As they hang in pink bunches, the splitting of each berry to display the orange seeds adds to the attraction. For gardens, *Euonymus alatus* is one of the best, even though it may mean waiting a few years before fruit forms. If a single tree is to be planted in a garden for its contribution to autumn colour, *Euonymus alatus* has good claims to selection.

—From a talk by TOM EDRIDGE in the West of England Home Service

Art

John Martin A to Z

GEOFFREY GRIGSON on the John Martin Exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery

A: Debauchery? You talk as if John Martin were an outrageous pornographer.

Z: Metaphorically he is. I do not care for hydrogen-bomb art or super-American-space-travel art, I prefer my pictures not to explode. However, I do not condemn Martin so much as Martinisers.

A: Then why come all this way out to Whitechapel?

Z: Merely self-torture, to see you Martinisers debauching what little taste the London art public may be supposed to retain. I confess, though, that as a reward for travelling east, to this pleasant gallery, I usually prefer art to pretence; and I usually get it. How do you justify these eighty-one exhibits and this purple catalogue with its claims advanced by an art critic who should have a better eye for an art quack?

A: I don't try to. I am amused by John Martin.

Z: A dangerous admission, but not unexpected.

A: You will carefully explain that Martin would hardly appeal to your masters Berenson and Fry, that Martin had a ridiculous mind—

Z: Your job is not to face me and abuse Berenson and Fry, it is to turn round and look—at 'The Plains of Heaven', and these nymphs, these Early Victorian grubs of pearly candle grease reclining upon an unfocused colour photo of one of the gaudier flower stands at Chelsea. The catalogue calls this 'An ideal landscape of unearthly calm'.

A: You pick the worst.

Z: Broadly, there is neither better nor worse. Try this 'Last Judgment' on the other wall. Observe here in the middle distance (according to the artist's Descriptive Key) the 'terminus to the railway by which are arriving the succours to the enemies of Christendom who are besieging the Holy City. The foremost train—the Tyne-Tees Pullman, no doubt—impelled headlong into the abyss'. Of course, a ridiculous mind. But I talk about painting, not minds—

A: When your type talks painting, it talks significant form like an undergraduate of 1930. You forget there is a history of minds, of ideas, a history of art.

Z: Out they come: English art history demands a diet of Martin. Read the twaddle inside the catalogue about 'good theatre'—that always means bad theatre—and surrealist re-instatement. Add those bits to your defence line.

A: Why not? Haven't those disciplines I mentioned a place? Haven't we neglected them? Haven't there been English artists?

Z: You, my dear fellow, and your kin of crab-shelled side-crawlers have all the art historian's patter, which you employ to conceal an eager taste for art prostitution. Art history has nothing to do with art: it is a pedant's definition of a painting by the painting which preceded it and the painting which followed it. Your patron saint is van Meegeren.

A: Forgive me, but how I know your type! For years I have totted up your derision of Blake, your sneers at Turner, your spitting at Ensor, your ridicule of expressionism. If you allow an English artist, it is Reynolds, not Stubbs; Wilson Steer, not Wyndham Lewis; Wilkie, not Blake—

Z: —or Martin.

A: You have a genteel care for safety and a creeping anæmia.

Z: No doubt your history of ideas allows a corner for the history of epidemic vulgarities, which alone would have suffered had every canvas by Martin blackened, peeled, or vanished. I beg you to look: rocks are not rocks, waterfalls are not water and do not fall, oaks are shrivelled into lichen, humans, I repeat, are a pullulation of fishermen's gentles, angels are ghosts of a London house-sparrow. You cannot be so blind.

A: I cannot live in your aerial pomposity. Of course Martin belongs to his time. So does Graham Sutherland, the Martin of our day. So does Shelley, so does Byron—

Z: So does a neutered tom-cat, so does Michelangelo.

A: Shelley and Byron are often sublimely ridiculous in the Martin way. But you overlook it in the poets. Poets are safe, you play safe. You eschew adventure, you hate electricity. Look round the gallery: will you deny Martin's electricity?

Z: Electricity is energy, a property neither bad in Lord Leighton nor good in Leonardo, a property of Gilles de Rais or the Strutters of Clapham Common as well as St. Teresa. Even then the once electric energy of this little fabricator has long ago dissipated from his pictures.

A: You spoke of nature: are you of all

people telling us that pictures succeed by natural verisimilitude?

Z: My dear friend, a great Japanese writer once defined or localised art as that which inhabits the slender margin between the real and the unreal. If as a painter you deal in recognisable objects, depart as you will from verisimilitude, it is necessary to have had a humble intimacy with the objects. You spoke of Shelley and Byron. Of course I admit to their tinsel. But it does not invalidate that which glitters in them and does happen to be gold. I defy you to demonstrate in these 81 exhibits enough which is not tinsel to justify this monstrous rehabilitation.

A: Have you looked at the drawings?

Z: A poor answer, but I have. Here and there a small drawing has charm—small charm—when Martin has reduced himself from square yards to square inches—No. 61, 'The Cave', or No. 56, 'The Ruined Castle'. I can pick out two or three more pleasant small items. No. 21, 'Stormy Sea and Burning Town', No. 25, 'Angels and Shepherds', No. 26, 'Whitby Abbey', all of them unsigned and possibly—I should say probably—not by Martin at all. So much for art history.

A: Have you noticed that museum directors are waking to him and buying him at last?

Z: They tell me so. I must beg you not to encourage them. Directors are often of a class which your Blake (hardly a great artist, if not a Martin, in all respects) has described as hired by the devil to depress art. Better to judge art by art: the Underground is very conveniently alongside. In twenty minutes we can be in the National Gallery examining wild rocks—under control—in Mantegna's 'Agony' or Leonardo's 'Virgin'. Shall we leave these pseudo Himalayas?

A: I detest your priggishness, conceit, snobbery, and eclecticism.

Z: You are frivolous and mob-minded: I detest your frivolity, immaturity, vulgarity, and inclusiveness.



'The Cave', a drawing by John Martin at the Whitechapel Art Gallery

The Dickens Story

By HUMPHRY HOUSE

THESE occur in academic life, even in English studies, both in the United States and here, devoted, quiet characters who settle down to the study of one particular author, not in the way of rivalry, or making a name, or staking out claims in manuscripts like gold-prospectors, but more in the spirit of a medieval schoolman writing a 'Commentary on the Sentences', or an old-fashioned scholar like Twining producing a slow, massive, entertaining edition of the 'Poetics' of Aristotle. Professor Johnson is, I think, a man of this kind. A few years ago he was not at all widely known in the States; but I soon came to know by correspondence that he was quietly and modestly working away at a new full-scale life of Dickens, from the original sources. He would stand or fall mainly by one book: and the first thing to say is that he triumphantly stands.

Assessing New Evidence

For years the necessary biography of Dickens for serious work or reference has been the edition of Forster's *Life* with J. W. T. Ley's notes. Ley's notes were useful additions, but thin. Forster's book itself was, of course, the approved, almost the official, life; it had privileged, direct knowledge; it had vitality and sense; it belonged with the unchallenged biographies of major Victorian persons such as Trevelyan's life of Macaulay, and the huge work on Disraeli by Monypenny and Buckle. Forster's view of Dickens, and his handling of particular episodes, have been challenged and even overthrown since then: but his book as a whole has held its own till now.

Since Forster, the task has been one of tracing, collecting, surveying and assessing new evidence. This has been done in curious ways; Dickens has attracted a number of amateur enthusiasts, often interested in by-ways and trivialities (where Pickwick slept and where David Copperfield drank beer) rather than in the main serious matters of either biography or criticism. Since Edmund Wilson's essay called 'The Two Scrooges' (and even before), it has been rather fashionable to snipe at these amateurs as duffers or idolaters. Some of them have certainly been both; but still it is a fact that the serious work of collecting new evidence about Dickens' life in general (apart from special subjects like the matter of Ellen Ternan) was carried on by them and by nobody else. Above all, the fullest collection of Dickens' letters yet published was organised and edited by one of them, the late Walter Dexter, whose three fat volumes in the Nonesuch edition have been the chief source for all recent biography till Professor Johnson came into print*.

It is interesting to wonder why the professional scholars kept off Dickens, as they certainly did. I can only suggest two plausible reasons. One is that Dickens has always been 'news', as no other English writer ever has been; and academic people were possibly shy of what was always hot for journalists, or else bedevilled by facetious monomaniacs. The other reason is in a sense develops from this; but has far more precise factual consequences. As a result of this newsy popularity, Dickens' autograph manuscripts have had an exceptional appeal to every sort of collector, great and small: they began to come piecemeal into the market soon after his death, and there has been a constant commercial traffic in them ever since. Not only have manuscripts constantly been changing hands, through the sale rooms and dealers' shops, but there has also been a widespread belief (among some collectors, I think, and among some dealers certainly) that the fact of publication lowers the price of a manuscript in the market. This meant that it was difficult to trace Dickens' manuscripts in large quantities; and it also meant there was uncertainty about permission to publish, even when they were traced.

But nowadays things are rather different: many of the big collectors of the last generation have died, and given or bequeathed their materials to libraries. For social and financial reasons few big collectors have followed them in the field; and the chief buyers have themselves been, and still are, not private individuals who might sell again, but public collections and libraries. Thus there has been going on for some years a process by which the materials for a new life of Dickens have been becoming more concentrated, more stationary and more accessible. Furthermore, as the generation which knew Dickens himself has receded

further into the past, more documents have come out of purely private family papers into the open.

I am suggesting that for these social and economic reasons (all growing ultimately from his newsy popularity), it has only recently become possible to attempt a life of Dickens based on a thorough survey of new material. Also, as so many of the big rich collectors were Americans, and as American libraries are more heavily endowed than ours, a great part of the material is in the United States. Professor Johnson was well placed in New York, because two of the biggest collections are in the Pierpont Morgan Library and the Berg collection in the Public Library there.

These purely technical points are not widely known or understood, and it is plain that they are by no means trivial when one finds Professor Johnson's statement that, apart from the vast mass of printed evidence, he has consulted about 3,500 unpublished primary documents.

The first thing that has impressed me about his book (and it is a long book in two volumes of over 1,100 pages, without the notes and index) is the control with which he has mastered and ordered this huge mass of evidence. Knowing it and ordering it well into a scheme of mainly chronological narrative is one thing in writing this kind of biography; it is another thing to use the material in detail with grace and tact. Professor Johnson has succeeded here too. For a large part of the book he quotes, of course, Dickens' own words; they tell as nothing else can; they both relate and reveal. But a quotation too long continued can spoil proportion and hold up the movement. (This was one of Forster's faults); but Johnson has an excellent instinct for knowing when a quotation ought to stop; when he ought to rely on summary, or state a fact, or make an inference, or even refer to some other critic or biographer. He moves adroitly from one to another of these different methods without the result appearing a patchwork. His prose does not creak with the machinery of adjustment, and he never stops to pontificate about his sources or his task.

The book thus manages to combine vigour and speed of movement with richness of content. In consequence, one sees the dynamic force of Dickens' personality fully displayed in act as it has never been displayed before. The pressure and complexity of his life can be taken in and appreciated. Here he is rushing his newspaper reports in a wild race from Bristol to London; here he is simultaneously starting a family, editing a magazine, and writing two long novels at once; here he is quarrelling and arguing with publishers or going to court about copyright, in the middle of furious creative production; here he is converting a waterfall in the Isle of Wight into a shower-bath and then immediately dashing away to his favourite Broadstairs because the muggy climate does not suit his writing. Here he is rushing back from Italy to London solely to read *The Chimes* aloud to a group of his friends.

'Now, you know my punctuality', he wrote to Forster. 'Frost, ice, flooded rivers, steamers, horses, passports, and customs-houses may damage it. But my design is, to walk into Cuttris's coffee-room on Sunday the 1st of December, in good time for dinner. I shall look for you at the farther table by the fire—where we generally go'.

'Furiously Energetic Restlessness'

These, I know, are familiar episodes; but through the freshness of Professor Johnson's presentation they have struck my mind again almost as if I had never read them before. One sees more clearly than ever, the power of concentration, strangely combined with a furiously energetic restlessness.

The great quantity of this new material has not produced any startling or melodramatic changes in the main facts and events; rather, everything is amplified and sharpened. This is particularly clear in the quotation from letters of passages which were toned down or omitted by earlier transcribers of the text. Many of the letters in later life to Georgina Hogarth, for instance, now reveal an increasing preoccupation with money, and also a number of extremely funny and slightly malicious comments on his friends.

The most interesting major readjustments of emphasis seem to me

* *Charles Dickens: his Tragedy and Triumph*. By Edgar Johnson. 2 vols. Gollancz. 70s.

the following: all Dickens' family background and childhood are treated far more fully and convincingly than before, and are also related in a brilliant chapter to the fictional adaptations in *David Copperfield*. The father, John Dickens, in spite of all the likenesses to Micawber and Dorrit, seems clearly to deserve the love, and ultimately loyalty, that Dickens always gave him. Next, the long, tangled, and highly technical story of Dickens' relations and quarrels with his various publishers is here told in more detail than in earlier biographies, but also skilfully interwoven with the narrative of personal life and the progress of the various books. His sharpness in business weaves in and out of the Christmas sentimentality and the haphazard radicalism. Next, the successive editorships, of *Bentley's Miscellany*, *The Daily News*, *Household Words*, and *All the Year Round*, are given the prominence they deserve. Lastly, the use of the huge correspondence with Miss Burdett-Coutts, along with other, less striking, new material, show Dickens' indefatigable and efficient zest for practical good works.

The Coutts Correspondence

The Coutts correspondence requires special mention because Professor Johnson has edited a separate volume of 280 of these letters, which has also just been published in England*. Though the texts of these letters are on the whole accurate, the annotation and other editorial matter shows signs of being hurried, as the biography does not. They are not among his most brilliant and interesting letters. Their importance rather is that they show at length (and the full Coutts correspondence of over 500 letters will show at nearly twice the length) the administrative capacity and the minute patience in details, with which Dickens advised Miss Coutts in her charities over many years. In dealing with the famous home for fallen women at Urania Cottage, Dickens not only lays down the kind of religion required there, but the kind of furniture too. He tells the matron what to say to one obstreperous inmate; others he interviews himself. In a letter about the girls' clothing, he encloses two patterns of material and discourses at length on their merits. This kind of attention he gave to many other projects, in which Miss Coutts had no part; to all the amateur theatricals got up to help impoverished writers; to his charity readings; to the Royal Literary Fund; to the marriage of his brother; to the misfired Guild of Literature and Art. This grind of charitable business would be astounding in any man: it is scarcely credible in the greatest English creative genius of his time.

There is one main feature of this biography which is less satisfactory. Interspersed throughout it, at appropriate places in the main narrative, are critical chapters on the works that belong to that period of Dickens' life. I cannot help feeling that these may have been an afterthought, added perhaps even when a lot of the book had been written. They are very uneven in quality; I have already mentioned the excellence of the *Copperfield* chapter, but that is related in a special way to the design of the rest of the book. The other critical chapters do sometimes provide a useful summary of current critical views of the books they treat, but elsewhere they fall into current mistakes and do not bear many signs of careful thought. They are also marred by two pervasive faults. They all unremittingly dwell on the social and political propaganda in the novels, at quite disproportionate length; and these themes are treated with much repetition, with too little attempt to make clear the influences and guiding principles behind this part of Dickens' work, and with intermittent efforts to assimilate his political opinions to those of a modern democratic socialist.

Also in these critical chapters I find myself baffled by errors of judgment or failures to mark essential differences of literary mood and purpose. To take one glaring example of this: there is the ending (which is intended to reach an emotional climax) of the critical chapter on *Great Expectations*:

As Pip and Estella, with linked hands, leave that misty and forlorn garden of their childhood they are reminiscent of the parents of humanity exiled, but not utterly without hope, from another Garden:

The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

To me, Pip and Estella are not reminiscent of Milton's Adam and Eve at all; and as soon as I try to apply in detail that parallel between the ending of the novel and the ending of *Paradise Lost*, it breaks down at every point. Milton has been pillaged to provide an extra atmosphere of vague grandeur which a moment's thought must dissipate.

On the pivot of this grandeur we turn to the next biographical chapter, headed 'Intimations of Mortality'—a heading designed to warn us that, through strain and overwork, Dickens was threatened with paralysis of the left side. But this perversion of Wordsworth, coming immediately on top of the far more serious perversion of Milton, produces a cloying conglomeration of literary reference, which we fear can only reach its climax in adapting to Dickens Matthew Arnold's words about Keats: 'He is; he is with Shakespeare'; and, pat, this expected climax comes in the emotional ending of another chapter on page 1,141.

The book, I think, would make its impact best if it were read first without these critical chapters at all. The biography would then be seen as a unity of the greatest merit. If I were asked to say, in a phrase, what view of Dickens it presents, I think I should answer at once that it presents Dickens' view of himself, and seems to have been intended in its whole design to do so. It does not tend to this end by the method of argumentative defence or the other method of outright panegyric; but more subtly, by using Dickens' words as the chief medium of conveying impressions, moods, and views of events. This becomes clearest in the treatment of the very difficult matter of his separation from his wife. Because Dickens himself believed, or came to persuade himself, that separation was in 1858 necessary and inevitable, gently and unobtrusively all the earlier comments on his marriage that might be seen as pointing to that end are brought to the fore, and others slightly underplayed.

I do not mean that Professor Johnson has tried to reconstruct an autobiography; far from it; he intervenes, describes, discusses, even sometimes debates, and makes judicious decisions. But in the end it is Dickens in his own voice and his own estimation that prevails. Perhaps this is the biography we most needed now. Dickens' view of himself has superseded Forster's view of him.—*Third Programme*

Summer Evening: Quebec

Those evenings we came down out of our hills
into the village, there was little to do
but wear the dusk upon our shirts and walk
an ease of the blue asphalt through and through;

on balconies and porches, hidden from us,
the villagers observed from their rocking-chairs
what they knew already: How silly and serious
it is for walkers and lovers, going in pairs,

when casual pleasure drinks the dark of a day
that only burnt the forehead and arms at noon—
houses were heavy with marriage, as barns with hay;
bats swayed like weeds where the angelus tumbled down.

Yet, measuring each house, the huge grey trees
added their speckled digits into sums
of the strangest importance, lifting into peace
bedrooms like clouds: devout aquariums.

PATRICK ANDERSON

Autumn

I thought I should regret the summer's slow
Disintegration in the murmurous woods—
The madness in the trees that makes them tear
Their hair of leaves—the priestly sky with hoods
Of sack-cloth cloud, the incense of my breath
Wreathing reminders of the summer's death.

But I was wrong—for walking down the road
In evening's earlier gloom—my colder sight
Entered the rays a cosy gas-lamp spread
On pavement elsewhere conquered by the night.
For I knew comfort in the pinching cold
Remembering winter walks on nights of old.

ROYSTON BURNETT

* Letters from Charles Dickens to Angela Burdett-Coutts, 1841-1865. Selected and edited by Edgar Johnson. Cape. 25s.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Hill of Devi: Being Letters from Dewas Senior. By E. M. Forster. Arnold. 15s.

IN 1912 WHILE TOURING India for the first time, a young novelist with a growing reputation was invited to visit a small Maratha state. The novelist was Mr E. M. Forster, his host the Maharajah of Dewas Senior. They came to know each other through a mutual friend who had been the young Rajah's guardian and tutor. It is to this friend—now Sir Malcolm Darling, K.C.I.E.—that *The Hill of Devi* is dedicated; to him, both in the preface and throughout the pages of the book, the author pays grateful and gracious tribute. To him, too, is owed the description of Dewas as 'the oddest corner of the world outside Alice in Wonderland'.

It was indeed curious, and in his second letter home Mr. Forster gives a lively account of the 'amazing little state'. An eighteenth-century Rajah had given his brother a share of the government; this was continued by the next generation, so that when the English came on the scene they 'supposed that there were two independent rulers in the same city'. Both were guaranteed, resulting in 'twin dynasties with their possessions, all peppered in and out of each other'. It is sad that such an amiable gesture should have developed into a fantastic muddle, which became more and more complex with the passage of time; soon it included such necessities as two armies, two courts, two tennis clubs, with the senior branch of the family owning one side of the street in Dewas City while the junior branch owned the other. Even Devi, the sacred mountain-home of the goddess, which rose 300 feet above the city, had at last to be divided, so that each Rajah might visit his own shrine without using the other's footpath.

Dewas had little attraction for the general tourist, no spectacular scenery, no famous antiquities, but there was much else to tell in the letters home; of the ruler's charm and gaiety, of his lack of taste in decoration, of a most delightful banquet he gave, and how he had helped to dress one of his guests in a wonderful Oriental garb suitable for the occasion. By the way of contrast there was a formal, less pleasant, party given for the Agent to the Governor General and his subordinate: 'As soon as the guests had gone the Rajah sported like a kitten'. The same letter records: 'It is odd that I should have seen so much of the side of life that is hidden from most English people'.

A few days later the brief but momentous visit was over. This first set of letters is followed by an essay on the state of Dewas Senior and its ruler: then comes the most important section of the book, letters written from India in 1921, while Mr. Forster was temporarily acting as Private Secretary to his Maharajah friend: 'He was certainly a genius and possibly a saint, and he had to be a king', we are told by the author, who returned to Dewas in the highest spirits, without knowing what he would be expected to do when he got there. Muddle and chaos awaited him, but much more important, warmth and affection, too. The letters home show us a way of life such as few English people can have shared, which has now for ever vanished.

Mr. Forster found many changes had taken place, for better and for worse. The Rajah was esteemed in political circles, but his marriage with the daughter of the Maharajah of Kolhapur had ended unhappily. The New Palace was still unfinished: 'parts of it that were built ten years

ago are already falling down. You would weep at the destruction, expense and hideousness, and I do almost'. A thousand pounds' worth of electric batteries lay spoiling in one room, in another 'dozens of warped towel-horses are stabled'. A cupboard is opened and found full of tea-pots: 'It's no good trying to make something different out of it, for it is as profoundly Indian as an Indian Temple'. Few western people could have reached so sane a conclusion so speedily.

Event followed event, there was the birth of a royal baby; the coming of the rains; the Private Secretary was insulted by high English officials; a tour which included Agra, Simla, Nagpur, and Chhatrapur: a long and superb description of a religious festival celebrating the birth of Krishna. A review can merely hint at the richness and variety of Mr. Forster's pages. Of the many and unusual characters he met the Maharajah is portrayed most vividly and with considerable detail: 'he was lovable and brilliant and witty and charming'. 'He was never simple, never ordinary, never deaf to the promptings which most of us scarcely hear'. Catastrophe and its tragic aftermath for the Maharajah brings the book to its end.

Mr. Forster writes with considerable charm. His book both excites and tantalises, for it has the defects which such a form must impose. There are gaps now and then, references to people and places which the curious and the insatiable will vainly ponder. Among its minor pleasures are the charming photographs of the Maharajah and his court.

London Furniture Makers 1660-1840 By Ambrose Heal. Batsford. £6.6s.

This book is quite unlike the all too familiar conventional treatise on English furniture; and though the cost is far from negligible, everyone interested in the subject will be eager to obtain it. The format at once arouses cupidity.

It has long been known that besides the famous and over-rated triumvirate—Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton—there were many other highly gifted Stuart and Georgian cabinet-makers, and quite a considerable body of work has been assigned to them individually. Here Sir Ambrose Heal presents us with an alphabetical list of over 2,000 gathered out of his celebrated collection of 'trade-cards', contemporary news sheets, bills, and other sources. This sounds intimidating, but it is no mere arid compilation. Brief but interesting, sometimes even entertaining, particulars are recorded about the more prominent, and the book is embellished with admirable reproductions of 160 trade-cards. On them the advertiser's wares are enumerated, often within a cartouche of enchanting rococo ornament enclosing his sign and representations of some of his stock-in-trade; enabling the purchaser (and us) to judge of the class of business in which he was engaged. Many of these 'cards' were dated and used for memoranda, thus supplying a further invaluable guide.

Sir Ambrose admits that in all probability relatively few of these names will be needed for reference, but he gives them on the off-chance that 'the nonentity of today may be of interest to some researcher in the future'. It must be allowed that the great majority are likely to remain in limbo—ghosts retaining from their incarnate existence in some cases not even their earthly address. One pictures them wandering about in the shades, praying plaintively for a

piece of extant furniture to be ascribed to them. But who can tell?—a bill for such a piece may turn up, bearing the signature of an obscure craftsman, and by reference to these pages his responsibility may be established. If thus he obtains some peace at the last, he will owe it entirely to the zeal and indefatigable labours of Sir Ambrose. His introduction is just what was required. It deals adequately with such interesting and highly relevant topics as cabinet-makers' workshops and the owners' dealings with their customers. Mr. R. W. Symonds contributes a brief, useful chapter on the problem of identification, illustrated by some excellent plates of labelled or otherwise authenticated examples. This is a tricky business and in the alphabetical list two 'nonentities' are credited with highly remarkable objects on quite unconvincing evidence. Altogether, however, a most fascinating book—and not for specialists only. What an enviable age when the creative faculty and fertility of invention were so widely distributed that even trade-cards—common ephemeral advertisements designed by anonymous artists—could be of quite astonishing beauty!

The Legacy of Persia. Edited by A. J. Arberry. Oxford. 21s.

A team of learned contributors have made a brave attempt to show how cultural influences radiating from Persia have become a legacy to the whole world. The editor justly remarks that this matter of cultural inheritance is apt to be hotly disputed, and he might have added that claims to cultural pre-eminence are too often exploited by patriotic or nationalist propaganda to the detriment of historical truth. The record of civilisation in Persia is sufficiently impressive to make exaggerated claims unnecessary. The culture of ancient Iran with which we are familiar from the Bible and the Greek historians was not for export. The Greeks who admired Persia's system of government and disliked her way of life, had no use for her cultural goods. Her wealth and luxury were proverbial but Horace's *Persicos odi, puer, apparatus* expresses a typical Roman attitude. Imperial Rome had good reason to respect Parthian bow-men and Sasanian cataphracts, until Byzantium restored the balance 'when Heraclius rode home from the sack of Ispahan, naked captives pulled behind, double eagles in the van.' The evidence for cultural exchanges discloses the presence of Persian elements in Byzantine architecture and in the minor arts, but there was little commerce in the world of ideas.

When the west became aware of Persia, she was a Muslim country with a culture profoundly modified by an Arab invasion and the adoption of an Arab creed. An earlier volume in the 'Legacy' series—the *Legacy of Islam*—has given an admirable account of Muslim civilisation and of its reception by western Christendom. The present volume re-tells the story from an exclusively Persian point of view, somewhat in the spirit of the *Shu'ubiyya*, a group of Persian writers in the ninth century who were at pains to demonstrate the superiority of their people over the Arabs. The result is not entirely satisfying, and readers who have no Persian or Arab axe to grind will question the validity of a method which projects the nationalism of our own age into the medieval past. Persians, it is true, have made outstanding contributions to the civilisation of Islam, but in its essence that civilisation had a unity comparable to that of

Fleet Admiral King

The private papers and personal recollections of the Commander-in-Chief, United States Fleet and Chief of Naval Operations during the years of decision, 1941-5.

"By the highest standards a historic work and second only in importance and excellence to Lord Cunningham." *Yorkshire Post*

"One of the most outspoken of American war leaders . . . his book shows he is a man with a remarkable perception." *Evening News*

484 pages

Fully illustrated.

30s. net

Stars in the Making

"Dr. C. Payne-Gaposchkin writes with a delightful style and has the gift of clear, lucid description. This book is the best and most up-to-date account of modern astronomical research into the structure and evolution of the universe."

SIR HAROLD SPENCER JONES

(Astronomer Royal)

67 plates. 25s. net

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

By Maurice Nicoll

PSYCHOLOGICAL COMMENTARIES ON THE TEACHING OF GURDJIEFF AND OUSPENSKY

Second Impression. 3 vols. £4 4s. the set

LIVING TIME

Second Impression. 25s. net

THE NEW MAN

*Second Impression 15s. net (DISTRIBUTED BY ROCKLIFF)**To be published in the Spring 1954*

THE MARK

Approximate price 17s. 6d. net

VINCENT STUART 55 WELBECK ST LONDON

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

FOYLES
FOR BOOKS

All new Books available on day of publication. Second-hand and rare Books on every subject. Stock of over 3 million volumes.

Subscriptions taken for British and overseas magazines; and we have a first-class Postal Library—write for details.

Foyles have departments for Gramophone Records, Stationery, Music, Handicraft Materials.

We BUY Books, Coins, Stamps

119-125

**CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON WC2**

Gerrard 5660 (16 lines)

Open 9-6 (Thurs 9-7)

Two minutes from Tottenham Court Road Station

EVERYMAN'S ENCYCLOPAEDIA

Available for

8/6 MONTHLY

The new twelve volume edition contains in its 9,000 pages up-to-date information at a price within reach of all.



THE QUARTERLY REVIEW SAYS:

"Everyman's Encyclopaedia is eminently readable and also amazingly comprehensive in its scope. . . . This is the kind of work of reference which any student or indeed any educated reader may rejoice to have on his shelf."

THE GLOBE PUBLISHING CO. LTD.

6, 8 and 10, Lexington Street, London, W.1

Please send me free prospectus showing specimen page of Everyman's Encyclopaedia, with monthly payment terms.

NAME

ADDRESS

T.L.287


 UNITED NATIONS
EDUCATIONAL, SCIENTIFIC & CULTURAL
ORGANISATION

New Horizons at Tzentzenhuaro

2s. 0d. (by post 2s. 3d.)

An illustrated booklet which tells the story of the changes wrought by education for better living in a typical village of Mexico's Tarascan Indian country.

★

The Race Concept

2s. 6d. (by post 2s. 9d.)

A discussion of the genesis and development of U.N.E.S.C.O.'s participation in the campaign against race prejudice, and the controversies associated with it.

Obtainable in the United Kingdom from H.M. STATIONERY OFFICE London, Edinburgh, Manchester, Birmingham, Cardiff, Bristol, Belfast, or through any bookseller. Details of distributors in other countries available upon application to U.N.E.S.C.O., 19 Avenue Kleber, Paris 16c.

western Christendom, a unity which transcended national and linguistic divisions. It had a universal language in Arabic, and ideas circulated freely from Turkestan to Spain; there were Persian scientists but there was no Persian, as there was no Arab, science, and the many Persians who wrote in Arabic on philosophy, and theology and every other branch of knowledge served a Muslim rather than a national cause. The poets and writers who used the vernacular of Iran stand on a different footing: they created a national literature which is justly admired, and which had a far-reaching influence on the Turkish peoples and on the Muslims in India.

The break in the unity of Muslim civilisation came in the sixteenth century when a new dynasty created a Persian national state and imposed its fanatical Shi'a creed on a predominantly Sunni population. The readiness with which Persia accepted the new religion may have been due to a spiritual predisposition: there is evidence nevertheless that conversion was helped by the sword of the executioner. G. M. Wickens, who contributes a challenging chapter on religion claims both Shi'ism and the mystical philosophy of the Sûfis as characteristically Persian possessions. This claim is not, of course, new and it was fashionable at one time to represent Persian Islam as an Aryan reaction against Semitic aridity. Yet the grounds which led no less an authority than Goldziher to reject the thesis of the Persian character of Shi'ism seem convincing, and no one familiar with Arab Islam will belittle the importance of mysticism as a living force in the Arab world. Ibn Masarra and Ibn 'Arabi', after all, were Arabs of Spain, and the mystical verse of the Egyptian Ibn Fârîdh matches the sublimity of the Sûfi poets of Persia. Mr. Wickens, on the other hand, does not discuss the strain of scepticism and cynicism, rendered familiar to English readers through FitzGerald's *Omar*, which represents another aspect of the Persian attitude to religion, and there is no mention of Bâbî-Behâism, a Persian attempt in the nineteenth century to found a new world-religion.

Modern Persia lives on the cultural capital of her past, and she still has to solve the problem of effecting a synthesis between the all-pervading influence of the west and her own tradition. In the absence of fresh creative impulses, it is not surprising that the 'Legacy' volume has little to say of the present. The ancient art of carpet-weaving which after a period of sad decline has been revived as an important industry catering for the export market is described by A. C. Edwards whose knowledge of the subject is unequalled and who, it is refreshing to note, does not omit to tell us that many fine pieces are of Turkish origin. V. Sackville-West's chapter on gardens will give pleasure to many readers, though it cannot be justly claimed that gardening is part of the legacy which Persia has given to the world. Other contributions, which limitations of space make it impossible to mention individually, maintain a high level of scholarship.

The Writer's Trade. By L. A. G. Strong. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

The Society of Authors suggested to Mr. Strong that he should write this book and it is hard to think of anyone better qualified for the job. He was for many years a schoolmaster and he has never forgotten how to explain his meaning simply and concretely. His apprenticeship was long and almost as laborious as that of Balzac. He has developed his talent as extensively as any freelance writer in the country. He has been businesslike in his methods, sending stories and articles methodically round, rewriting them in different ways until they found their editors. He

has written poems, novels, short stories, essays, plays for the stage, the films, radio and television, and books for children. He has lectured and he has broadcast. He has read for many publishers and is literary adviser to Methuen's currently. He has learned, in fact, the hundred and one ways in which the writer succeeds in eking out his exciting but precarious existence and he has learned it through the hard school of trial and error.

Anyone trying to cover all these fields by means of generalisations cannot help but produce a handbook which is as boring as it is inaccurate. Mr. Strong has chosen the far better way of writing his 'business autobiography', frankly and with a nice mixture of diffidence and healthy egoism. He enjoys telling how he made good (or bad) and he communicates his enjoyment to the reader. It is not intended as a manual so much as the casebook of a single writer who has had very diverse experiences. It is heartily to be recommended to those hundreds of thousands who dream of making a living by writing and it will reward that smaller number of those who earn something by writing but wonder wistfully whether they are not missing something.

Generals in Grey Suits. By Josiah E. Dubois. Bodley Head. 16s.

At Nuremberg in 1948 twenty-three directors and officials of the German Chemical Cartel, the I.G. Farben, were tried on three main counts: 'The preparation and waging of aggressive war; the plunder and spoliation of the industries and economies of other countries; and the enslavement, mistreatment, and murder of human beings, including medical experimentation upon enslaved persons'. All twenty-three were acquitted of the first charge and the ten others of all three charges. The remaining thirteen were convicted of one or other of the other two charges and given sentences of up to eight years.

The chief prosecutor, the author of this book, Josiah E. Dubois, was deeply disappointed at this result. He clearly felt passionately that the trial had great historic importance. He refers to it as a 'trial that might help to put an end to war'. This view surely exaggerates the importance of the trial in relation to the pattern of future events. If all the defendants had been convicted of the charge of preparing and waging aggressive war and given long prison sentences, it is unlikely that the present prospects of war or peace in the world today would be very noticeably altered. The most that would have happened would have been that, in the event of the rearmament of Germany, she would have been deprived for a few more years of the services of some exceptionally able industrialists and chemists.

The author is frank as to one of the difficulties of the prosecution in sustaining the first charge. 'How can we spell this thing out so that it is perfectly clear on the record that Standard Oil and Du Ponts are not guilty of any crime merely because they participate in the re-arming of the United States for defence'. The acquittal of the defendants on the first charge suggests that this tricky problem was not easy to solve.

By far the grimmest part of the book relates to Auschwitz, the camp in Poland where 4,500,000 men, women, and children were exterminated by gassing with Zyklon B, manufactured by I.G. Farben. The director of I.G. Farben deliberately chose a site close to the camp to build a huge chemical factory so as to use the prisoners for their labour force. Mr. Dubois gives an account of the extermination technique:

The gassing takes place as follows: the victims are brought into Hall B where they are told to undress. To complete the fiction that they are going to bathe, each person receives a towel and a

small piece of soap issued by two men in white coats. Then they are crowded into the gas chamber in such numbers that there is only standing room. To compress this crowd into the narrow space, shots are often fired to induce those at the far end to huddle still closer together. When everybody is inside, the heavy doors are closed. Then there is a short pause, presumably to allow the room to rise to a certain level, after which SS men with gas masks climb on the roof, open the traps and shake down a preparation-powder from out of tin cans labelled Zyklon.

As was to be expected the defendants were unaware of what was going on—according to their own account. Summing up their evidence Mr. Dubois comments:

But the Farben directors knew nothing of this. The two who picked the site, and the one who headed the construction, knew nothing. The one who procured inmates from Himmler knew nothing even after he moved to Auschwitz. The director in charge of employee welfare at Auschwitz didn't know a thing. The fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth directors—who headed the firm of Degesch, which shipped all the Zyklon B to Auschwitz and the institutes which shipped the typhus vaccines and drugs—didn't know a thing either.

Mr. Dubois has done a courageous deed to tell, in 1953, this terrible story again. He remarks in his preface: 'Unbelievable as it seems, the defendants in this trial are back in power in Germany today'.

In 1947 the reviewer visited Auschwitz, which was then being made into a museum by the Polish Government. One of the smaller gas chambers had been reconstructed together with the nearby furnaces in which the bodies were afterwards burnt. At the peak of activity the output of the several gas chambers was said to have reached 20,000 a day. Among many gruesome relics was a wooden bin some twenty feet long and six feet wide piled to a height of some four feet with women's hair. But for the sudden capture of the camp by the Russians this consignment of women's hair would have been dispatched, as we were told many previous consignments had been, to Germany to be used to upholster furniture.

Fables. By Jacquetta Hawkes. Cresset Press. 15s.

Any work of fiction in prose which is not a novel is a blow against tyranny; and on principle congratulations go to anyone who pioneers off that very beaten track. Mrs. Hawkes has revived the fable with its best actors in an elastic form which can stretch to eighty pages or contract to 150 words. The author is a scientist, which is probably why we are not allowed unicorns or weeping crocodiles, but sober zoological fact—how penguins incubate their eggs, how yaffies build a nest, etc.—is made equally marvellous.

The great fable writers (who specialise in common sense), like the great writers who specialise in nonsense, have usually been popular with readers of all ages. Mrs. Hawkes belongs with the sophisticated John Gay rather than with the children's favourites, Aesop, La Fontaine, and Thurber. Her style is highly contrived, her humour is careful; and a bullock 'in whom the parental genes had been fortunately combined, resulting in an animal of more than average enterprise and ability' or a fountain which exclaims 'O for liberation! How I crave to express my whole nature, to fulfil myself to the limit of my capacities!' are definitely creatures for adults only.

A fable must have a moral, and that is the trickiest thing to handle. The best traditional fables make, without being a bore, a point, which everybody can see and agree with. Here, we feel, Mrs. Hawkes unwisely departs from the norm. The meaning is sometimes so hazy and enigmatic, that one suspects a 'shaggy dog' fable.



It's Searle on schoolboys!

DOWN WITH SKOOL!

GEOFFREY WILLANS
AND RONALD SEARLE

Molesworth presents his masterpiece—a classic on school life seen from the very bottom, as fresh and as funny as '1066 And All That'. With a brilliant text by a new front-rank humorist and 120 new drawings by Ronald Searle at his best and most merciless.

'Young Molesworth', says Jimmy Edwards, 'should go far. HE'D GO FARTHER STILL IF I HAD MY WAY.' Net 8s. 6d.

PARRISH

You cannot hear

VERNON BARTLETT

every week—

But you can read his

LETTER ON WORLD AFFAIRS

every fortnight

Posted alternate Wednesdays
at £1 a year, 10s. for six
months. Air rates on request.

Send your orders to
The Subscription Office,
Pilgrim's Place, Thurnham,
Maidstone, Kent.

A Blessed Girl

BY LADY EMILY LUTYENS

On the morning of publication these charming memoirs of a Victorian girlhood received long reviews on the leader pages of the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Daily Mail*, where Peter Quennell described it as "thoroughly entertaining, vivid and convincing... Once I had begun to succumb to its charm, all the other books I have been reading were just put aside until next week."

ILLUSTRATED 21s

Hunting Scenes from Surtees



EDITED BY LIONEL GOUGH

This extensive selection from the works of Surtees, with a foreword by Siegfried Sassoon, makes a perfect fire-side book for all who love traditional English country life.

12s 6d

Law and the Countryman

W. J. WESTON

This handy volume will help everyone to know how he stands with his landlord, with his tenant, with his neighbours and with the powers that be. As indispensable to the countryman as a cookery book is to his wife.

7s 6d

Ray Bradbury

THE GOLDEN APPLES OF THE SUN

"Mr. Bradbury takes the stuff of modern folk-lore—interplanetary travel, time machines and all that—and makes a variety of small objects of it, strange, beautiful, witty or critical. He writes with a great charm, sometimes with a strange dream-like beauty."

The Listener

"As a science fiction writer Ray Bradbury has long been streets ahead of anyone else. He has the imagination of Wells, coupled with a poetical gift for prose writing."

Daily Telegraph

ILLUSTRATED 10s 6d

The March Out

BY JAMES SHAW

*A fighting soldier's account of the end of the
Chindit epic.* 12s 6d

"Without rhetoric, except, perhaps, the rhetoric of under-statement, Mr. Shaw manages to evoke the squalid horror of the worst campaign conditions in which British troops have ever been called upon to fight."

Sunday Times

RUPERT HART-DAVIS

*****FABER

Into Hidden Burma

MAURICE COLLIS

In this volume of autobiography Mr. Collis describes the Burma in which he found himself as a young man—not the country of the anthropologist or the curious traveller, but the hidden Burma known only to those intimately acquainted with the villagers themselves. 18/-

As Gypsies Wander

J. DE BAIRACLI LEVY

Miss de Bairacli Levy, who has known the true gypsies since she was a girl, describes her wanderings with them from England to Turkey and North Africa. Her book is illustrated with 25 splendid photographs. 21/-

Puppet's Progress

JAN BUSSELL

In this sequel to *The Puppets and I* the director of The Hogarth Puppets continues the story of his hopes, disappointments and successes as a puppet master, including an entertaining account of his caravan tour in Australia. Illustrated. 12/6

Stanley Baldwin

D. C. SOMERVELL

A direct rejoinder to G. M. Young's biography, presenting a much more favourable view of Baldwin than that which is now current. 'Deserves to be read by all fair-minded students of the recent past.'—*Times Literary Supplement*. With an Appendix containing four of Baldwin's speeches and a Foreword by the Rt. Hon. Ernest Brown. 8/6

The Big Chariot

CHARMIAN CLIFT

& GEORGE JOHNSTON

A new novel by the authors of *High Valley* about 17th century China and the crumbling Ming dynasty. 'An exquisite piece of craftsmanship.'—*Sheffield Telegraph*. 12/6

Man and Beast

PHYLLIS BOTTOME

'Beautifully written short stories' (*Daily Telegraph*) exploring the borderland of understanding sometimes found between humans and animals. 7/6

The Past Returned

J. DELVES-BROUGHTON

The story of a woman's great love—a love so irresistible that it disregarded the conventions of Victorian morality for the sake of a rake and a blackguard. By the author of *Crown Imperial* and *Officer and Gentleman*. 12/6

*****FABER

At other times, the moral is so clearly political that it is bound to provoke dissent. The fable becomes argument by analogy, which is unfair argument, because analogy always breaks down at some point. The Weevil and the Chestnut Tree, for instance, is only a variation on the old feudal comparison between the state and a living body, used to prove that the loyalty of each limb is essential to the health of the whole and that it is unnatural and impious for the downtrodden feet to try to kick the head. If one dislikes a caste society, one can only sympathise with the villain of the fable, the presumably Marxist weevil, who gnaws away at the tree of hierarchy.

The chief story, which takes up half the book, is a mixture of fable and science fiction. 'The Unites' describes an imaginary future for the human race. The millennium has been reached, everybody is equal, everybody is dull, and the earth has become a nightmare of torpor and uniformity. Headed by an old man, a girl, and a Negro, who escaped the standardisation of humanity in a pocket of the Alps and who still retain the capacity for unrest, the banner of 'Down With Equality' is raised, and mankind begins the long climb backwards (but upwards!) towards injustice and a more intense awareness of life. It is a pretty idea, but the horror is not worked out with the same ingenious consistency that Orwell and Huxley have set as a standard for this type of thing. Although mankind is said to have almost lost the faculty of language, the revolutionary leader addresses his illiterate disciples with quite a scholarly oration. This is one of several holes that could be picked by science fiction fans, who demand a very disciplined brand of fantasy.

Fables is not deficient in imagination and it is carefully written. It is nearly the success which a lively experiment deserves to be. But in a miniature medium a miss is as good as a mile.

Two Studies in Virtue

By Christopher Sykes. Collins. 16s.

Those tediously precise minds which demand a unifying theme in any book they read will no doubt fling this one from them with the complaint that there is no connection between the fascinating, if distraught, Sibthorp—an Anglican and Catholic by fits and starts, who was roughly Newman's contemporary—and the early history of Zionism. Such purists would doubtless see the same lack of unity in Strachey's essays, in Leslie Stephen's studies, or even in the great Elia. What draws two such diverse topics together as Sibthorp and Mark Sykes—the Englishman most actively associated with Zionism in its early stages—is the capability, wit, and sympathy of the author.

From the strictly historical point of view the more important of the two essays is the second one with original material derived from family sources. And in telling the tangled but fascinating story of the background to Zionism and the way in which the hard-headed Balfour and Lloyd George encouraged it Mr. Sykes is at his best—clear but never sacrificing fairness for effect. Nevertheless the account of Sibthorp, 'an unhappy Mr. Sibthorp' as Lytton Strachey somewhat loosely described him in *Eminent Victorians*, is excellently done and affords the reader an entertaining and instructive journey down one of the by-paths of history.

Richard Sibthorp was born in 1792—a member of a landed family long established on the confines of Lincoln. His father was an old-fashioned Conservative of the Church and State school, but as Mr. Sykes correctly observes, the anti-clerical excesses of the French made English people of his type look with a kinder eye on the old Catholic faith—suffering these mortal blows from a common enemy. Colonel Sibthorp made

a home for an exiled French abbé who acted as tutor to his sons. On the impressionable Richard the influence of the Abbé was strong and when he was at Magdalen College, Oxford, he suddenly left his college and bolted to the Catholic Vicar-Apostolic of the Midland District. From here he was rescued by his brother, Coningsby Sibthorp, accompanied by a private detective, and returned to the soothing influence of the President of his College—the venerable Dr. Routh. Mr. Sykes makes some protest against the constant application of the adjective venerable to Dr. Routh, but it was not used in his case only because he lived to be ninety-nine, but because he was peculiarly respected for his character and religious attainments—a recognised dictionary usage. On coming down from Oxford, where he had been the contemporary and acquaintance of Shelley, Sibthorp worked as a clergyman of the Church of England.

In 1841 he seceded to Rome—a step which caused the greatest possible outcry as he was virtually the first of the priestly converts to that religion. After three years he returned to his Anglican orders, having been repelled, it is thought, by the jolly but unlettered Irish priests who were dominant in Roman Catholic circles at that time. Twenty years later Sibthorp reverted once again to the Roman discipline, though he stipulated that the Church of England burial service should be read over his body, and on his death bed he was found reading the Book of Common Prayer. Sibthorp is, of course, a fine target for cheap fun, but Mr. Sykes maintains the interest of his readers without descending to that easy trick. Sibthorp was a character to whom the drawbacks rather than the advantages of any situation were painfully apparent. Like many of his generation and the one which immediately followed his he thought that truth and consolation were to be found in unfamiliar places. As the poet Clough was to find later on, the religious atmosphere in Oxford was too strong for all save the most balanced, and for many the experiences of their undergraduate days acted like a fire of straw in a grate. Sibthorp was one of the victims (and by no means the least attractive) of those controversial fires.

Audley End. By William Addison.

Dent. 30s.

Viewing great country houses has been a national pastime for well over 200 years, but its popularity has been widely increased by the motor car and television. Each year hundreds and thousands of tourists move in docile herds through the great saloons of Chatsworth, Blenheim, Longleat, Warwick, listening patiently, staring dutifully. They buy their postcards, eat their teas, and struggle back to life in the gardens and parks: Time and time again they must ask themselves the simple but basic questions. Why did anyone, even a duke, wish to live in so vast a mansion? How much did it cost? And could even a duke afford it?

Mr. Addison answers these questions and many more in this excellent monograph on Audley End, the great house which stands so nobly in the setting designed for it by Capability Brown. It is still a vast house, yet it is only a fragment of what once it was. Built by Thomas Howard, first Earl of Suffolk, out of inherited monastic plunder and his own looting of the state as Lord Chamberlain of the Household and Lord Treasurer, it proved an intolerable burden to his less successful descendants. For a time they managed to get rid of it to the Crown and it became a royal palace from 1666-1701. The Crown, even more impecunious than the nobility, failed to pay the purchase money and William III was glad to return the house to the Suffolks. By 1751 Audley End was ruinous and valued

at a mere £3,000, although it had cost the Lord Treasurer £200,000 to build in 1616 when the value of money was far higher. None of his descendants had been able to live for long in this monument to his own greatness, and the story of the house from his death until its purchase by Elizabeth, Countess of Portsmouth, is one of debt, decay, and demolition.

Its fortunes rose in the late eighteenth century and persisted throughout the nineteenth century under the Braybrookes. For this was the real golden age of landownership when houses as vast as this could be remodelled, furnished, peopled with a sufficiency of servants, out of the profits of land and without the need of the state aid in the shape of office or sinecures which had been a necessity to earlier generations. From 1760-1910 it at last became a home, the benevolent centre of a well-run estate with model herds and model farms. Thousands were spent on improvements, thousands were spent on upkeep, but there were thousands to spend, for the nineteenth century was the one century in English history when the aristocracy could afford almost all they desired. Indeed, the history of Audley End is the history of the English aristocracy in miniature. Mr. Addison makes this clear without obtruding it, for he rightly concentrates on the house and its owners. The book is based on wide research into the Braybrooke archives. Mr. Addison has made a valuable contribution to social history. He also writes with great charm and this book deserves to be widely read.

William Cobbett: a Bibliographical Account of his Life and Times.

By M. L. Pearl. Oxford. 25s.

Bibliographers are terrifying folk. They have household gods of formidable strength, and rules of behaviour so spartan that no one escapes their condemnation who is guilty of the slightest deviation from them. Is it possible that a bibliography can be valuable that essays less than a complete 'coverage' of all the publications that it is attempting to describe? The ideal and the practical are not always commensurable, one would think, and something less than perfection may be thoroughly worth while.

That is the case with this volume. Already it has attracted the professional bibliographer's censure, but it is, all the same, an exceedingly useful manual. It has sins of omission, no doubt. It is not complete enough in its entries on the American periods of Cobbett's life, and much additional manuscript material will be garnered and described some day. But this work makes no claim that it does not fulfil, and it is not meant to be a bibliographer's compilation. It is primarily a most informative and neatly contrived description of the contents of the remarkable collection of Cobbett's writings made by Professor G. D. H. Cole and now in the library of Nuffield College. Additions are made to this considerable corpus of materials so that the whole may serve as 'a bibliographical account of Cobbett's life and times', an essay, as it were, on some of the essential raw materials of the social historian, and a guide to the voluminous commentary which Cobbett's writings provide for the long period which they cover. Nobody nowadays doubts the value as well as the pungency of Cobbett's vivid journalism: equally nobody can doubt the need of expert guidance through it.

It is the distinctive quality of Mr. Pearl's book that it provides that expert guidance with a minimum of inaccuracy of detail and an enviable clarity and succinctness. His descriptive comments are deft and illuminating. He may, every now and then but not often, set the professional bibliographer's teeth on edge, but his work is so well done for the historical student's purposes that this may be readily forgiven him.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

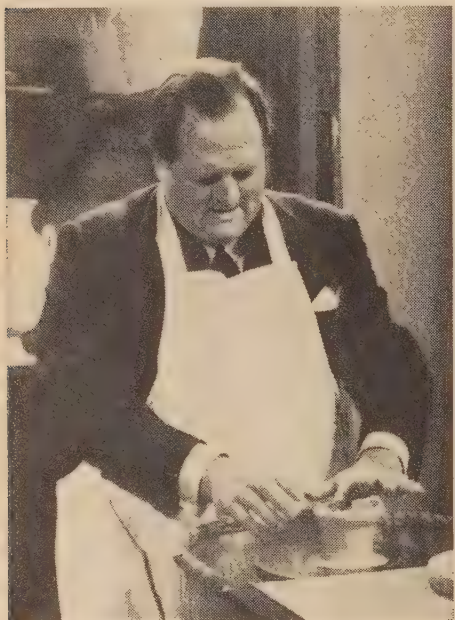
Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Common Cold

MOST OF WHAT was put before us last week was the bread-and-butter stuff that keeps the television service going. Subjects of particular



Richard Dimbleby trying his hand at the Fulham Pottery in 'London Town' on October 16

interest like 'The Common Cold' were given the routine treatment which makes the programmes seem under-exposed in terms of content as well as of picture. But we have been vouchsafed a sign.

'The Common Cold' could hardly fail to catch the attention of every viewer, whether or not he or she regarded it in the light of millions of lost man-hours per annum. Presumably that is a thought in the mind of Dr. C. H. Andrewes who conducts the experiments at the Harvard Hospital at Salisbury for which he seeks volunteers. Or is his attitude governed by the philosophy of pure science which finds out but does not prescribe? I wish Dr. Bronowski had probed

that matter. I have never heard a scientist say loudly and clearly, so that all might hear: *I don't know*. The new thing would be the categorical statement addressed to the community instead of to the dedicated few. If it did not produce a fellow feeling, wondrous kind, it might help us uninformed laymen to realise that the informed experts, too, are wanderers in the dark. There is argument that the extinction of the common cold may deprive the body of a vital poison-ridding mechanism. Similar contentions have been roused by other medical advances. It would have served the occasion had the existence of the proposition been acknowledged. Otherwise, the programme was adequate in all the usual ways, picture and exposition tripping along neatly together through its busy thirty minutes. Curiosity persists. What will happen when the common cold becomes uncommon? The implications, like nettle roots, may be found running off in unexpected directions.

I can believe that many viewers welcomed the return of 'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?' for its assertion that a national parlour game can be played with an intelligence making neither for 'Bore of the Year' reputations nor adding one more cerebral fun-fair to the number already proliferated by radio and television. The thing is invariably interesting and often instructive, if the pace is slow and the chairman's mood apt to be too close to that of the panel members. No call for pomposity; not that, but not too much grinning, either. Let us hope that the producer, David Attenborough, intends to shift the archaeological and antiquarian emphasis from time to time. The museum scope, as he will know, is wider than has so far been tested by the series, which is not to say that every museum is ready to play the game. For 'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?' we owe a vote of thanks to one of the B.B.C.'s secretarial ladies, Miss Norah Wood, of the Television Talks Department. She thought of it.

Another programme in the jejune 'Snapshot' series came and went without strengthening the

necessity for one to think more generously of the basic idea. The producer continues to exhibit Donald McCullough in the style of a cheerfully contrite Victorian cousin just home from an escapade in Tasmania. Having nothing to do with the musical side of the Kirsten Flagstad farewell concert from the Royal Festival Hall, I am at least empowered to report that the cameras there were fully alert to the 'news' element in the proceedings, bringing us good pictures of a *prima donna* doing what comes naturally in these climacteric moments. Walt Disney, telling us about the research required for his forays into English history, talked with more gestures than appeared to belong to his personality. The word had better go forth to him, as to Herbert Morrison, who made his 'In the News' debut last Friday night, that if it is more reputation he is seeking, then television may not provide it. Not a week of remarkable viewing experiences, as I have said.

Two instalments of 'London Town', one in scrapbook form, did nothing to diminish the impression of documentary television losing its momentum of ideas and enterprise. However, Stephen McCormack, who produces 'London Town', seemed well pleased about something or other. His name rolled up on our screens at the end of his second programme of the week in defiantly large letters, perhaps his ironic response to the plea here for bolder production treatment generally.

The television outside broadcast of the week was last Saturday's ceremonial at the splendid Runnymede memorial to airmen of the Commonwealth forces. The cameras not only illustrated the proceedings with many striking personal glimpses but corrected the microphone impression of a spiritless assembly.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Prima Donna-ism

TO THOSE OF US who watch, week in week out, the last ten days or so have not seemed particularly different. The cornucopia or dice box (however you like to regard it) has shaken out the usual assembly, some programmes only fair, some pretty good, nothing outrageous, nothing stupendous: parlour games and an occasional *reprise* of some Good Work; the kindergarten of balletomania or operatics. But of the latter more later. There has, however, been one major revolution—in Fleet Street of all places, where television, which formerly rated a reluctant little space under the advertisements for underwear



As seen by the viewer: Kirsten Flagstad in her farewell concert appearance at the Royal Festival Hall on October 14



Two shots of the unveiling of Runnymede Memorial on October 17: the memorial from the air; and H.M. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh being shown some of the carving. Right, Walt Disney with John Fitzgerald on October 15; and a shot from his historical film 'The Sword and the Rose'

Photographs: John Cura



'Evensong' on October 18, with Doris Rogers as Tremlowe, Betty McDowall as Pauline Lacey, and Mary Ellis as Irela. Right: 'Black Chiffon' on October 13, with (foreground) Angela Baddeley as Alicia Christon and Jean Lodge as Thea; (behind) Robert Harris as Robert Christon and Kenneth Fortescue as Roy Christon



and foundation garments, has now become front-page news: not merely when Mr. Harding lets fly or there is a particularly long breakdown, but just because the evening before half the nation was at the same play—and are, this morning, talking about it in the bus. 'My husband and I didn't like it: we don't like *that* sort of thing'. But, one gathers, they watched it from start to end. All this is very wise of Fleet Street editors who know their business. B.B.C. Television is a vastly important subject. But it is going to get some nasty knocks under the new dispensation.

For instance, behold the famous son of a great statesman pitching into the lighting effects of Miss Angela Baddeley in 'Black Chiffon'; 'Why make her so lurid?' he cries in letters of fire, and with the delicacy of a dinosaur demolishing a lily, has his say on many a subject where old fuddi-duddies like myself would have feared to tread. For the truth is, I thought Miss Baddeley very *well* lighted, not a bit lurid. Perhaps it is a question of having a different set. Or even of adjusting a brilliance knob? At any rate, along with all the other courses in cooking, painting, ballet, and song, I believe some hours could profitably be set aside for a new series called 'How to pitch into B.B.C. television'. With all this extra space to fill, we journalists shall otherwise be gravelled for 'copy'.

Mr. Randolph Churchill came at the end of a week to the conclusion that there was nothing wrong with B.B.C. television which a few million pounds would not put right. This is constructive and helps us to view 'Black Chiffon' with more patience. The play, as everyone recalls, ran for years in a fine production dominated by Flora Robson's emotional kleptomaniac mamma. It was a time for long runs; people are much interested in shoplifting, and Lesley Storm, the dramatist, has a popular touch.

Though many of the characters are some way from life, the initial tangle of mother-and-son relationship is very close to life, and audiences felt that and forgave any 'staginess' in contrivance and characterisation. This is less easy to do outside a theatre (e.g., on the television screen), but the play proved highly watchable, I thought, in a fairly steady production by Ian Atkins and Lionel Harris. Miss Baddeley is a

fine actress, unfailing; almost too much a mistress of herself and her art for this part (which needs something uncalculated and blundering). One felt that such a clever actress would almost certainly have fooled the store detective and escaped arrest. But it was real professional playing, well supported by Kenneth Fortescue as the son, and Robert Harris and Patrick Barr as the husband and the doctor. If Pinero is commercialised Ibsen, then this piece could, I think, be rated as Schitzler for the Mrs. Dale public: not at all to be sniffed at. Incidentally, it had, if I remember, a great success in Vienna.

In a week when we saw and heard Flagstad's farewell—with some pother of cameras which frequently picked up the wrong thing: the diva's back and the zips on her dress always seemed in the best focus—planning or accident gave us Beverley Nichols' Melba-inspired 'Evensong', a play about a *diva* in decline. Mme. Flagstad, sounding glorious and looking as happy as a sandboy, was dramatic only in her singing; she did not appear to dramatise the situation at all. How different poor 'Mme. Irela'! Here, again, is a very passable character study somehow linked to reality in spite of being shamelessly stagey. Not merely because the part was originally played by Dame Edith Evans are we reminded that Irela has affinities with Mme. Arkadina; Chekhov for the upper-circle public. The parade of vanity and stinginess, the scene (with the dresser) where she starts by meaning to give her niece a real ruby and ends up by choosing a cheap coral, owes much to the Russian master. But it is an effective enough piece in many ways, and though the cameras were sometimes as temperamental as the lady in question, the performance seemed to me valid.

The chief virtue was Mary Ellis herself, because she, being a singer, could really enact one; the carriage of the head, the veiled anxiety in the voice itself were all completely convincing; also the suggestion made of the more tiresome and irritating side of a 'star' personality in decline. What was less successful, in spite of every ounce of pointing by Kenneth Kent and Walter Hudd, was the bid for sympathy for 'Irela the artist who had let her personal relationships suffer'. And Doris Rogers, excellent though she was, was to my mind too

resilient looking for one who had served a dragon so many faithful years. Some very odd things occurred in the scene in the opera house, where people stood in full evening dress wiping away the tears during Desdemona's 'Ave Maria'. Perhaps people do stand like that in some opera houses I don't know about; and the tears are proper enough, turning perhaps to rage when the excerpt closes on the sub-dominant! In the end, we heard an Italian lady bellowing through Manon's farewell to her table. But musical advisings apart, it was quite a good evening.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Old Acquaintance

MENTION THE NAME 'Deirdre' to an Irish dramatist and his eyes will glaze and he will foam a little at the mouth. Presently, with some reverence, he will begin to intone. Before you know where you are, it is twilight and the harpers are at it. This is all very well when the dramatist has the genius of Yeats: he could walk and talk without self-consciousness in the mists round the edge of the world: we can say of him, in his Naoise's phrase, 'He had a golden tongue'. But it has been surprising, lately, to find Donagh MacDonagh at large in the same grey wood. Although he has a lively imagination, it is one that seems fitted better to a 'Happy as Larry' (this ripped along like a jaunting-car), or to the tinkers of 'God's Gentry'. Certainly it is hard to think of him wandering with Deirdre, even if in getting Siobhan McKenna, with that melting accent of hers, to speak for the Queen-to-be in 'The Last Hero' (Home), John Gibson, the producer, did all that man could.

The determined piece, with its people always apt to observe that 'air enters painfully through a slit gullet', grew on one listener as it approached its end. And it was a change to realise that Deirdre would not join the death-roll, but that she would live as King Conon's queen, keeping to herself the memory of Naoise ('Now the last hero's dead'). This was the

E.M.I.

RECORDING EQUIPMENT

FOR BETTER RECORDINGS

The EMICORDA

Made by E.M.I.—with their unrivalled knowledge and experience of sound recording—the Emicorda combines quality of recording and reproduction with simplicity of operation.



Model 2301
PRICE 90 GNS.

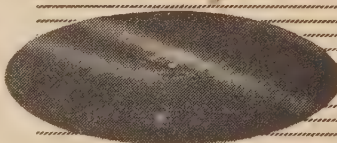


EMITAPE

Available for all types of tape recorders, the Standard High Coercivity tape is made in two lengths—600 ft. (Type H60 6), 21/-, and 1,200 ft. (Type H60 12), 35/-.

EMIDISCS

The supreme lacquer recording blanks noted for free cutting and low background noise, allied with excellent frequency response and anti-static properties. Available in four grades, and wide range of sizes.



Send today for full details:

EMI SALES &



SERVICE LTD

RECORDING EQUIPMENT DIVISION, HAYES, MIDDLESEX
SOUTHALL 2468

ES26L

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S WAR MEMOIRS

The Sixth and Final Volume

IN the context of 1953 this last volume of Sir Winston Churchill's War Memoirs is the most enthralling.

It is an account not so much of the series of great victories that ended the War as the story of the personal negotiations between Churchill, Stalin and Roosevelt, and later Truman, about the shaping of the post-war world.

In American eyes, at least, the word Yalta has become synonymous with Munich. Sir Winston now tells what really was agreed there and in what manner the Russians voided their pledges.

Equally absorbing is his account of how the Western armies failed to carry out the occupation of Berlin, Vienna and Prague, all of which would have had a profound effect upon the present situation. How, too, America's feeling that British "ambition" after the war must be curbed led to fatal divergence between American and British dealings with Russia.

The whole volume is summed up in Sir Winston's words "How the Great Democracies triumphed, and so were able to resume the follies which had so nearly cost them their life".

That is why he has named it—

'TRIUMPH & TRAGEDY'

Begins Friday, October 23rd in the

Daily Telegraph

most ringing passage; elsewhere, much of the play was shaggy stuff, spoken with no special excitement. John Glen worked hard with Naoise—whose name, when pronounced like a slight sneeze, can be sadly unromantic—and Finlay Currie (who had some of the tones of St. John Ervine) and Gordon McLeod were properly direct as King and ex-King of Ulster. I hope myself that now Mr. MacDonagh has disposed of Deirdre and the Sons of Usna, he will get back to the cheerful twists of phrase and the tumbling rhyme in which we (and he) delight.

It is quite a long way from Ulster of the never-never world to Campden Hill in 1913, and I cannot think what would have happened if Naoise and Deirdre, all high words and hunting-spears, had started shenanigan about in Jeffery Panton's library. Jeffery, maybe, would have had the words for the situation. He is our old friend of 'The Two Virtues' (Home), a comedy that in recent years has come up again well. Alfred Sutro was a social-column dramatist whose dialogue could stilt-walk, but in this piece his wit is more supple: the comedy has the sheen of a lost, halcyon summer ('It would sound splendid in *The Morning Post*'). It sounded good on radio. Denys Blakelock, by now, can flick off anyone like Panton—he is a master of the drily bland retort—and Googie Withers, with her high-comedy style, and Fabia Drake, as a Lady Bracknell in embryo ('Nothing helps an author so much as that his books shall be seen in a great house'), added to the evening by their poise and sharp timing. Each player knows how to look an epigram in the face and to cope with it.

If you are married in a Strindberg play, your life will be ruined. It is part of the pattern, and in 'The Link' (Third) the pattern is familiar. The Baron and Baroness are undiluted Strindberg: the little court-drama, indeed, summons the manner of the author's own divorce from his first wife, Siri. In this needled piece the husband and wife, who have started with the resolve to be calm and dignified, end by exploring the whole grim course of their marriage. Peter Coke and Isabel Dean carried the play with assurance to its fierce end, the Baroness' outbreak against 'this infernal love' and the Baron's dash of sulphuric acid, 'You hope to sleep tonight—you?' Helena Wood had ironed out some of the translators' English—thus 'Let me be ill without calling a doctor' replaces 'Let me lie sick without calling in a physician'; and she also cut—a pity, perhaps, though the play is complete without it—the brief early scene for farmer and servant-girl.

Gordon Daviot's still unrubbed 'The Laughing Woman' (Home) had the benefit of a performance by Olaf Pooley (as the sculptor) that made us believe the man was a genuine artist. An interview with Betty Huntley Wright in 'These Radio Times' (Light) summoned wistfully the musical-comedy revivals lost to sound radio. And 'The Conquest of the South Pole', a Gerik Schjelderup feature (Home) had Michael Hordern's directness as Amundsen to help us through a programme that was always trying hard not to be too heavily informative, but that never fully rose. I was rather glad that, here, we did not have much of the personified ship *Fram*, which talked, too carefully, of the Bay of Phwhales.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Wash and Brush Up

SINCE THE 12TH ULT., as those anonymous stylists who write business letters are wont to phrase it, the Third Programme has been providing week by week a mental wash and brush up for those of us whose minds have grown

tarnished and dishevelled through excessive listening or insufficient thinking. The title of the series of seven is 'Dilemmas' and the talks are broadcast versions of this year's Turner Lectures given at Cambridge by Gilbert Ryle, Waynflete Professor of Metaphysics in the University of Oxford. A note in *Radio Times* assured us beforehand that 'the lectures are given in lucid and non-technical language', and so they are, so lucid in fact that if a Home or even a Light listener were to crash by accident or in a devil-may-care mood through the Three-Ply Curtain and listen to one of them he would never, I believe, find himself out of his depth so long as he kept his wits about him. But he would have to listen with both ears, not because the argument is abstruse but because Mr. Ryle takes us along at a brisk pace. He allows us none of those impressive pauses by which some speakers give weight and dignity to their utterances and an occasional breather to their listeners. He is like a Bach fugue; once he has started you may be sure he won't stop till he finishes, and he doesn't finish for three-quarters of an hour, which, in the case of some speakers, is a very long time indeed. But as we follow Mr. Ryle the time flashes past, we have no time and no inclination to look at the clock, and we come out at the end with minds as sharp and clean as a new pin. It is enormously refreshing.

In his fifth talk, which I heard in the recorded broadcast last week, he exploded the dilemma with which 'The World of Science versus the Everyday World' seems to face us. To many people the expression 'World of Science' has a drab and even threatening implication. It implies that life will sooner or later be proved by science to be a purely mechanical affair. The world of physical science seems to be gradually freezing and discrediting their *real* world, unless they happen to be bold enough to flout the discoveries of the scientists and plump for the reality of the warm, human world they know so well. And yet, as Mr. Ryle points out, a periodical called *The Poultry World* would be faced with equanimity and even 'the world of philology' can be comfortably accommodated in the real world. Nay, even the formidable world discovered in recent years by the physicists is, like the worlds of poultry and philology, no more than a department of the cosmos and can tell us nothing true or false about it, nor are the usefulness and stability of our tables and chairs affected by what the physicists tell us about the materials of which they are made.

Mr. Ryle often clarifies his argument by elaborate and amusing similes and these and the magnificent precision of his style are a constant source of enjoyment.

Another bracing talk was Eric Newton's on 'The Art Critic', the second of the Home Service series on 'The Critic's Tasks'. His notion of his task as critic was stated with refreshing clearness and precision. He regards it as his duty to mediate between the artist and the public and not to tell the artist where he has gone wrong. His relation to the artist is to play the detective, discover the man behind the work and put him into words. He was particularly interesting about the difficult problem facing the critic when he is dealing with abstract painting or sculpture. Talk about planes and curves, he thinks, conveys little or nothing to the reader: the critic can describe and elucidate it only by employing metaphor.

In 'Tea with the Mafia' it was Jocelyn Brooke's duty, in describing his visit to the head of the Mafia, the once-formidable secret society living in the mountain fastnesses of Sicily, either to confess that it was nothing more than a picnic or to freeze my blood, but he did neither. I was unable, for all his efforts, to believe that he would have run any grave danger if he had refused a second helping at the chieftain's table or failed to answer his question as to why the earth moves

round the sun. I hope I don't do Mr. Brooke an injustice when I say that his attempt to freeze my blood was a job badly put up by which, consequently, I was badly let down—a poor return for sitting up half an hour after my usual bedtime to hear him.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

The Fall of Songs

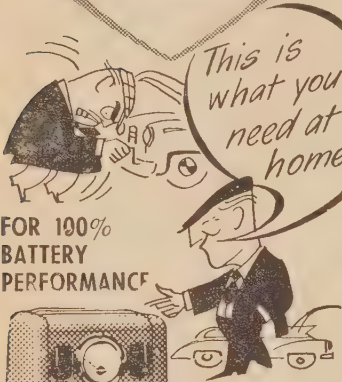
IT IS ALWAYS SAD when a musician who has won the affection and the respect of the public decides to retire and gives a last performance. Sometimes, of course, such 'farewells' have been protracted and recurrent. But Mme. Flagstad does not strike one as the kind of singer who will rebound from her retirement, especially as one could not but note—which made the occasion all the sadder—that her voice had lost some of its bloom. Wagner's Wesendonck songs are, with the obvious exception of 'Träume', rather ungrateful to the voice, and it was well that the singer was persuaded to add to them the 'Liebestod', enabling us to hear once more that smooth expansion of tone over great phrases which we shall remember as the distinctive characteristic of her art.

If Mme. Flagstad leaves us sad, she also leaves us with our good wishes for the enjoyment of the leisure she has earned. There is bitterness in the loss of another great singer, struck down at the height of a brief career. Kathleen Ferrier, like Kirsten Flagstad, combined a voice of extraordinary beauty with a noble presence and a complete artistic integrity. In the space of less than ten years she had won world-wide fame and, though already suffering from the terrible illness which killed her, achieved her greatest artistic success in Gluck's 'Orfeo' last summer. In one respect she was more fortunate than the singers of the past, who became mere names once their contemporaries were dead. Her voice has been preserved on records, so that future listeners will be able to understand why we considered her singing in Mahler's 'Das Lied von der Erde' and Brahms' 'Alto Rhapsody' among the greatest musical experiences of our time. The gramophone and the radio recording have given a new meaning to Stevenson's lines, 'Still they are carolled and said . . . After the singer is dead And the maker buried'.

Another fine singer was to be heard in the series of Schubert recitals arranged by Richard Capell. Julius Patzak was allotted an exceeding well-chosen programme, which included the six Heine songs from the 'Schwanengesang' and four settings of Goethe. It was particularly interesting to have 'Der Doppelgänger' and 'Erlkönig' set side by side—the end and the beginning of Schubert's treatment of Romantic horror. 'Erlkönig' is straightforward melodrama (superbly done!) with the singer undertaking three distinct parts and the accompaniment describing the wild ride through the tempest-torn forest. In the later song there is more of this literalism; the situation is reduced to its essence and is presented with the concentrated force which the Expressionists have aimed at, but so seldom attained. Both these songs were finely sung.

Others did not come off so well: 'Der Atlas', for instance. This was taken, in my opinion, far too fast. The tempo marking is 'Etwas Geschwind' (somewhat fast)—one of those mad-directions imprecise directions with which composers puzzle their interpreters. But the point here is surely the *weight* of Atlas' burden, the whole world bearing down upon his shoulders. We got no sense of that crushing load in this performance, in which too the accompanist played, accurately enough, but without the imaginative touch needed to bring out the poetic and dramatic power of the music. As if to con-

DAVENSET
MODEL 'H'
BATTERY
CHARGER



FOR 100% BATTERY PERFORMANCE

WINTER starting made easy. 2/6/12 volts at 2½ amps.

DARKER, colder days put a heavy load on your battery. Keep YOURS in tip-top condition by installing a MODEL 'H' today. PRICE £5-17-6.

STAND NO. 535, Ave. U, Earls Court
PARTRIDGE WILSON & CO., LTD.
Davenset Electrical Works, LEICESTER

Is Punch

fit for motorists?

Punch doesn't give two hoots for the road hog. But the man who motors for pleasure will find plenty to divert him in its pages. It's to him that this week's Motoring number is dedicated.

Cars and their owners are examined from all angles. Cranks and crankshafts are surveyed. And each freak and foible of the open road is expertly recorded.

If doubt about Punch's

credentials still lingers in your mind, take a look at Emmett's study of motor car antiques. Who but a mechanical genius of the first order could have envisaged vehicles like those?

Joyce Cary has a new story, 'Red Letter Day'. P. G. Wodehouse writes on American T.V. And there is a slyly satirical coloured cover by Brockbank. Punch, in this lively fashion, keeps bad humour off the road.

PUNCH

Buy this week's Punch!

Sixpence—as usual



MEDICI CARDS & CALENDARS

distinguished by their excellent taste and craftsmanship, include fine colour reproductions of Old and Modern Master paintings, and gay "Christmassy" designs specially suitable for children. Prices from 2½d. See them at your local shop, or visit the Christmas displays at the Medici Galleries.

SHOPPING BY POST

Write for catalogue to the
Medici Society Ltd., Box A,
34-42 Pentonville Rd., London, N.1

THE MEDICI GALLERIES

7 Grafton Street, London, W.1
26 Thurloe Street, London, S.W.7
63 Bold Street, Liverpool

THE NEW MUSICAL EDUCATOR

ONLY just published, this entirely new edition covers everything from first principles to advanced studies. In fact, it is a set of study courses of great interest and practical use to Students, Teachers, Professionals and Amateurs alike. It contains material for years of work, and its value as a book of reference lasts throughout the user's lifetime. Students working without teachers or entering for exams, choral trainers, teachers working to keep abreast of present-day methods, dance band musicians, those wanting to gain further appreciation and enjoyment of music through a knowledge of its construction, will find in the "New Musical Educator" everything they need.

SOME OF THE CONTENTS

Briefly the contents include: THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC (including The Scale and Staves, Time and Rhythm, Ties and Syncopation, First Steps at the Piano, etc.); MUSICAL TERMS; BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF MUSICIANS; SINGING AND VOICE PRODUCTION (including Breathing, Resonance and Diction, Exercises for the Medium Voice, etc.); THE PIANOFORTE; THE ORGAN; THE HARMONIUM; THE CINEMA AND ELECTRONIC ORGANS; THE VIOLIN; THE VIOLA; THE VIOLONCELLO; THE CHORAL SOCIETY; CHURCH CHOIR TRAINING; HARMONY

(including Dominant Seventh, Passing Notes, Suspensions, Essential Discords, Dominant Ninths, Modulation, etc.); COUNTERPOINT; IMITATION, CANON AND FUGUE; MUSICAL FORMS; COMPOSITION; THE MUSICAL TRAINING OF THE YOUNG; CHOIRS OF EQUAL VOICES; ORCHESTRATION; ORCHESTRAL CONDUCTING; THE MILITARY BAND; THE BRASS BAND; THE DANCE BAND; SIGHT-SINGING; ACOUSTICS; THE MUSICIAN'S BOOKSHELF; HOW TO LISTEN TO MUSIC, ETC., ETC.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

There are hundreds of carefully chosen music type examples, many of which are of considerable length, completely filling several pages. They are drawn from many sources, ancient and modern, and their accuracy may be depended on. The book also contains full-page plates and diagrammatic sketches.

NO OBLIGATION

All information will be sent under plain cover immediately on receipt of the coupon. There is no obligation upon you at all.

FREE PARTICULARS

To THE CAXTON PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD.,
72 Morley Hall, St. George's Street, Hanover Square, London, W.1.

Please send me, without any charge or obligation, the Full Descriptive brochure of "The New Musical Educator," as described above, together with your terms of easy payment.

Name.....
(Please print in BLOCK letters.)

Address.....

M.U.3.....72

Send this form in unsealed envelope, 1½d. stamp.

firm my view, there arrived two days later a recording of the six Heine songs made by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau with that paragon of accompanists, Gerald Moore. Listen to their performance of 'Der Atlas' and you will feel the pull of gravity which was lacking in Patzak's too rapid interpretation.

As singing is our subject, I must next congratulate Sadler's Wells on the first-rate cast assembled for the production of 'Luisa Miller'. Many enjoyable performances have been given

in that theatre, but I doubt if any opera has been better sung, all round, since Lilian Baylis reopened the theatre. One had none of that sense of the text going against the grain of the music, which so often spoils English performances of Verdi. That was, no doubt, due in part to a good translation (obtainable from the theatre) and to James Robertson's admirable direction. (The orchestra, incidentally, played splendidly.) But it was due most of all, I fancy, to the fact that the singers had really got inside

their roles and knew their music, so that the phrases came naturally from their lips and not as a half-learned lesson repeated by rote.

In the Bayreuth 'Ring' the thing to be commended is the total effect rather than the individual voices, and especially the magnificence of the orchestral tone. At last the engineers have got everything into focus and Wagner's score is no longer a dim background noise behind the loud declamation of his text.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Unknown Prokofiev

By EDWARD LOCKSPEISER

Prokofiev's Fifth Symphony will be broadcast at 9.15 p.m. on Wednesday, October 28 (Home) and 9.40 p.m. on Thursday, October 29 (Third)

PROKOFIEV was very nearly one of the great composers of Russia. Or was he not quite simply and undeniably a Great Composer in his own right? The doubt exists only because of the similarity between his early works and his late works. The essential Prokofiev is as immediately apparent in the early piano pieces (the 'Sarcasmes' and the 'Visions fugitives') as it is in the late symphonies. Over this period of some fifty years there appears to be no evolution—the mood, the texture, the style are, at first sight at any rate, fundamentally the same. But if evolution is one of the main requirements for greatness in music—one cannot aspire to any stature as a composer without the ability to grow into oneself (indeed, to grow out of oneself)—evolution is not necessarily to be measured in time: it does not necessarily imply the development of a composer as from one work to the next. There is also evolution in depth, in the complexity and variety of styles which a composer may consistently practise throughout his lifetime. Prokofiev was such a composer. And the first thing to be said in trying to form any sort of estimate of his vast achievement is that in England and in western Europe generally we still know too little about it to offer anything but an opinion of caution.

To begin with, Prokofiev was an important opera composer. Not one of his six operas, however, including 'The Gambler' on the novel by Dostoevsky and 'War and Peace' after Tolstoy, has yet been produced here. Nor do we know anything of his music for the Russian classics 'Eugene Onegin' and 'Boris Godounov'. (It is impossible not to believe that these subjects must have inspired, in a composer of such intensely national and traditional associations, music of a highly original character.) We do know, it is true, several of Prokofiev's seven ballets, three at least of his five piano concertos (one of them has been performed very frequently), the eight piano sonatas (known, however, only to those who were fortunate enough to follow the series broadcast on the Third Programme), and, of course, such pretty and amusing pieces as the 'Classical Symphony' and 'Peter and the Wolf'.

The result of all this is the current impression that Prokofiev was a clever and amusing composer, dainty, dry, witty, and *peu profond*. He is admired for his effective orchestration, his exhilarating sense of rhythm, his spiky sense of melody, and his fairy-tale-like innocence. I am reluctant to believe that such an assessment represents anything like the whole of Prokofiev. Indeed, the time has come for a serious revaluation of this generous and many-sided musician who, throughout his life, grappled continuously with some of the major problems of form in music, who was alive to the vital currents of his day in both music and literature, and whose

creative life, far from being restricted to a certain genre, spread out abundantly in long series of works for the piano, the orchestra, and the theatre. Stravinsky was probably right when he declared unequivocally that Prokofiev was 'the greatest Russian composer of today' (adding emphatically, by way of self-preservation, 'après moi').

What may we discover, then, from these numerous works which (one hopes) may one day be collected together into a complete edition? The critic I. Nestiev provides a foretaste in his searchingly analytical book on the composer. (Prokofiev, Editions du Chêne, Paris, 1946.) Nestiev indicates four main aspects of Prokofiev's aesthetic. There is first of all the classical aspect in which emphasis is placed on perfection of form. This aspect is illustrated by the first two piano concertos, the first violin concerto, and the third and fourth piano sonatas. Associated with these works are his essays in a neo-classical vein, including the ballet 'Romeo and Juliet' and the incidental music for 'Lieutenant Kizhe'. (It is significant in this connection that before his return to Russia Prokofiev was experimenting with novel versions of the classical mould such as the Second Symphony in two movements and the String Quartet in three movements with a long, slow finale.) There is, secondly, the 'lugubrious, fantastic' Prokofiev with his sense of bitter sarcasm finding expression 'in themes of a terrifying, archaic, or even pre-historic character'. The central section of the first piano concerto, 'The Angel of Fire', 'The Scythian Suite', and 'Seven, They Are Seven' are works belonging to this category.

There is, then, the highly characteristic lyrical element of Prokofiev, deriving from his original melodic gifts which inspire such works as 'Chout' and the second movement of the third piano sonata. (Nestiev sees here a link in Prokofiev between Schumann and Mussorgsky.) And, finally, there is the humour of Prokofiev—the gentle humour of the scherzo from the second piano sonata and 'The Love of the Three Oranges', and also the strange caricatures to be observed in the variations of the first violin concerto or in the songs on the poems by Anna Akhmatova.

Admittedly, each of these subjects—the classical and neo-classical inspiration, the fantastic, the lyrical, and the humorous Prokofievs—suggests an extended study in itself. Particularly fascinating, I think, are the lyrical aspects of Prokofiev's art. Here Nestiev points to some surprising technical details: 'The characteristic and deliberate twistings of his melodic line often produce wry caricatures; or they may, in fact, in a strange way, emphasise the intensity of the music's emotional appeal'—a point of psychological interest which may indicate why Prokofiev has, in some quarters, aroused so much

antagonism. And he goes on to discuss 'the lugubrious interval of the ninth' which recurs again and again in his work whenever his music is made to express mourning or despair (the death theme in 'Romeo', the funeral themes in the opera 'Simeon Kotko', and the main theme of the central section of the first piano concerto).

Nestiev's book on Prokofiev, like one or two works in the achievement of Prokofiev himself, is not without some silly statements. Lip-service is obviously paid to dictatorial commands of a political nature. I do not think we need to be over-concerned with such aberrations—and there are several among the works Prokofiev wrote shortly before his death in Russia—as the hollow 'Ode to Stalin'. Let us be content in the thought that, from a long view of Prokofiev's place among Russian composers, such aberrations will be seen to represent just another of the Russians' funny ways. The Symphony No. 5, dating from 1944 and listed as Op. 100, is abundant proof of the potent musical inspiration that flows from this composer as it flowed from composers such as Schubert or even Mozart. And it may leave us with the knowledge that what matters and what undoubtedly is calculated to make its mark upon the musical world is the tremendous fund of invention and vitality in Prokofiev, the genuineness and sincerity of this constantly youthful composer who was able to hark back to the drama of Mussorgsky, who extended the melodic wealth of Tchaikovsky and who magnified the fantasy of his masters Rimsky-Korsakov and Lyadov.

Curt Sachs' *Rhythm and Tempo: a Study in Music History* (Dent, 42s.) is a not altogether successful attempt to isolate the history of the 'time' element in music. As a storehouse of information, it has considerable value; but the presentation is unclear—and not improved by spasmodic attempts to write in a popular style. The most stimulating chapters are the early ones dealing with primitive and oriental music, on which the author writes with special authority.

* * *

The Hogarth Press announces the publication of the *Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*, translated into English under the general editorship of James Strachey, in collaboration with Anna Freud, and assisted by Alix Strachey and Alan Tyson. The edition will comprise twenty-four volumes, which will not be published consecutively. Volumes IV and V, *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1900) with *On Dreams* (1901), are already available. They will probably be followed this year by Volume VII, *A Case of Hysteria, Three Essays on Sexuality and Other Works*. Thereafter, it is hoped to bring them out at the rate of four a year. The edition will only be obtainable as a whole, and not in separate volumes. The price is £36.

SAFETY-FIRST INVESTMENT

2¹⁰/₂% per annum

Income Tax paid by the Society

**Equal to £4.10.10 per cent to investors
subject to income tax at the standard rate**

The current rate of interest on share accounts is 2¹/₂%, and on ordinary deposit accounts 2%, with income tax paid by the Society in each case. Sums up to a total holding of £5,000 are accepted for investment in Abbey National. For further particulars apply for a copy of the Society's Investment Booklet.

Total Assets £153,974,000

ABBEE NATIONAL
BUILDING SOCIETY

HEAD OFFICE: ABBEE HOUSE, BAKER ST., LONDON, N.W.1

For address of Local Office see Telephone Directory



CVS-295

A JEKYLL in HIDE!

Another brilliant idea from the famous Bury leather craftsmen—and the Unicorn Document Case is born... to lead a double life!



1. See it first, slim as a folio case for carrying under the arm, packing in a suitcase or slipping in a desk drawer. A light spring holds the handle flat.



2. Then unzip all round and load it with 3,000 (yes, three thousand!) sheets of paper in its 3 roomy compartments (it makes a 4th when closed).

3. Now 4" thick, it is as capacious as a big briefcase, and can be carried by the strong leather handle.



Size 17" x 11", the Unicorn Document Case is beautifully stitched and hand-finished by skilled leather craftsmen and sold direct to you at work-bench prices.

Model F.X.8 in golden tan, brown or black polished hide £4.18.0 (U.S.A. \$14.50).

Model F.X.9 in golden tan or Autumn tan pigskin £7.10.0 (U.S.A. \$22.00).

Either model can be fitted with a lock at an extra cost of 5/- (\$0.75). Post free and tax free in U.K. Carriage and insurance free to U.S.A. (20% Customs duty payable in U.S.A.).

UNICORN LEATHER Co. Ltd.

Obtainable at our showroom at 39, Burlington Arcade, Piccadilly, W.1. or by post, with money-back guarantee of satisfaction, from the workshops at WOODHILL WORKS (Dept. L.13) BURY, LANCs.

Craven

his

first

love



THE MAN who has been tempted to smoke something else for a while comes back to Craven like the prodigal returning to peace after suffering. And how bewitchingly his "first love" welcomes him. Slowly, yet irresistibly, the cool, slow burning Craven captivates once again and holds him in its deeply satisfying spell. How right Sir James Barrie was when he said Craven "is a tobacco to live for"

Try CRAVEN

As the first pipeful casts its spell you'll agree that here is real smoking luxury... as every Craven man knows.

Three mellow, slow burning, deeply satisfying blends
Craven Mixture 4/7 ounce. Craven Empire de Luxe Mixture 4/3 ounce. Craven Empire Curly Cut 4/4 ounce.

YORK BOWEN



The Renowned
Pianist and
Composer

ONE OF
THE MANY
PIANISTS
USING

CHAPPELL PIANOS

CHAPPELL PIANO COMPANY LTD.
50 New Bond Street, London, W.1

Hand Built RADIOGRAMOPHONE Equipment

INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED FOR
THOSE WHO SEEK PERFECTION
AT A REASONABLE COST
EXISTING INSTRUMENTS REBUILT
TO MODERN HIGH FIDELITY
STANDARDS

Universal Electronic Products

36, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1

WE1beck 4058

HEAVEN AND ITS WONDERS AND HELL

by

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG

The most comprehensive description of life in the spiritual world

Pocket editions: Paper 2/- (2/3 post free)

Rexine 3/6 (4/- post free)

Leather 10/6 (11/6 post free)

from

THE SWEDENBORG SOCIETY INC. (Dept. D.)

20 & 21, BLOOMSBURY WAY, LONDON, W.C.1

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

ESSENTIALS IN SOUP MAKING

SOUPS SHOULD BE both tasty and nutritious, and the foundation of all good soups is stock. Stock is the liquid in which meat, bones, or vegetables have been cooked. A meat stock must be simmered gently for three to four hours: boiling would harden the meat and prevent the extraction of the goodness; but bone stock is different, and must be boiled fairly rapidly, as much of the goodness is gelatine and this can be extracted only at a high temperature. It requires five to six hours cooking.

Clear soups may, or may not, be clarified. The stock used for clear soups is usually a good meat stock. But they are comparatively expensive to produce and require so much more attention that I am not going into any detail about them. However, I would like to remind you of the value of broths. Broths are usually the liquor in which meat has been boiled, the meat being sometimes served as a separate course; for instance, the old-fashioned mutton broth—an excellent winter meal. Thickened soups are those which are thickened by the addition of a cereal or yolk of egg: for example, kidney soup and Hollandaise soup. They are usually strained before being thickened. Purees are those which are thickened by their own ingredients, by passing the entire soup through a sieve. A little thickening is usually added at the end to act as a liaison to the ingredients.

The main ingredient of a puree is the vegetable that gives it its name, such as cauliflower, lentil, artichoke, and so on. The usual proportions are: to 1 quart of stock, 1 lb. of fresh vegetables or

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. dried vegetables, or, if it is a watery vegetable such as tomatoes, 2 lb. to the quart.

For thickened soups and purees besides the main ingredient and the stock you must have flavouring vegetables, usually carrot, turnip, and onion. These are cut up and fried in fat, using an ounce of fat to a quart of stock. They are fried to improve the flavour.

If you are making a white soup you omit the carrot and use perhaps celery or some other flavouring such as a bay leaf, and you do not allow them to brown when frying. If it is a brown soup, you fry your flavouring vegetables brown first. When the puree is cooked you sieve it, and add to it a tablespoonful of flour mixed to a smooth cream with a little water, after which it must be brought to the boil, stirring all the time. Before serving, it can be enriched by adding a few tablespoonfuls of cream, or top of the milk, or sometimes some evaporated milk, after which it must never be allowed to reach boiling point. Purees are improved by having fried croutons served with them.

There are the basic facts: good stock, flavouring vegetable, thickening and enriching at the end.

But there are exceptions to all rules and certain delicate-flavoured vegetables are made into delicious purees without the addition of any flavouring vegetables. Examples of these are asparagus or artichoke soup.

And, finally, about soups, let me remind you how good a little grated cheese is on a bowl of onion soup.—*Woman's Hour*

ANN HARDY

GAYER COD

To prepare cod in the Portuguese way, put it into a dish, adding seasoning and a good squeeze of lemon juice. Cover with very thinly sliced onion, sliced tomatoes, and grated cheese. Bake for 20 minutes in a moderately hot oven. There is no need to make a sauce with this, but if you would like a really delicious one, pour about $1\frac{1}{2}$ teacups of cider over the fish before cooking. When the fish is cooked put it on to a hot dish with the tomatoes, onion, etc. Heat 1 ounce of margarine in a pan, work in $\frac{3}{4}$ ounce of flour, and cook this roux for a few minutes. Gradually stir in the liquid from the fish, bring to the boil, and cook until thickened, seasoning well. This is a particularly easy and quick recipe. Do not spoil it by over-cooking the fish.—*Television Service*

MARGUERITE PATTEN

Notes on Contributors

HARRY FRANKLIN, O.B.E. (page 671): formerly Director of Information, Northern Rhodesia
HENRY SELIGMAN (page 673): Head of the Isotope Division, Atomic Research Establishment, Harwell

G. J. BUTLAND (page 677): lecturer in geography, Birmingham University; author of *Chile*

HUMPHRY HOUSE (page 693): senior lecturer in English Literature, Oxford University; author of *The Dickens World, Introduction to Oliver Twist*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,225. Extra-Pythagorean. By Croton

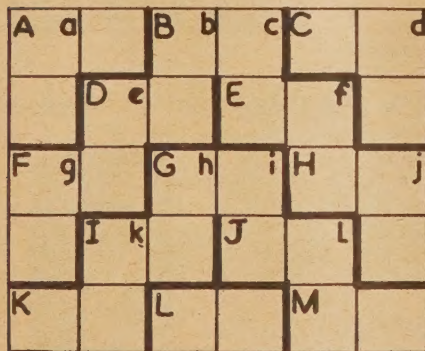
Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, October 29

Three different squares are found, such that the sum of the area of the first square and double the area of the second square, is exactly equal to treble the area of the third square.

For example, for squares whose sides are 5, 1, 3, we have

$$5^2 + 2 \cdot 1^2 = 3 \cdot 3^2$$



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Twenty solutions of the sides of such squares are listed below, there being no common factor. E.g. f/1, L; 1 indicates

$$(f/1)^2 + 2 \cdot 1^2 = 3 \cdot L^2$$

Twenty-five two-digit numbers, all different, are to be entered in the diagram, capitals indicating across clues and small letters down clues.

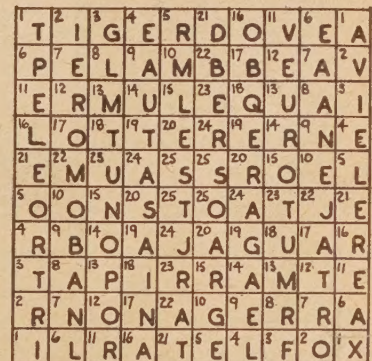
It may assist solvers to know that the numbers given first in each set are in ascending order of magnitude.

CLUES

- | | | | |
|-------|------|----|--------|
| I. | f/1, | L; | 1. |
| II. | 1, | b; | H. |
| III. | 1, | i; | I. |
| IV. | L, | j; | K. |
| V. | L, | g; | F. |
| VI. | C, | J; | K. |
| VII. | C, | a; | E + 2. |
| VIII. | h, | J; | 1. |
| IX. | h, | I; | H. |
| X. | A, | j; | G. |
| XI. | A, | M; | e. |
| XII. | a, | L; | F. |
| XIII. | a, | e; | c. |
| XIV. | d, | g; | A. |
| XV. | d, | c; | B. |
| XVI. | B, | L; | A. |
| XVII. | c, | a; | k. |

- | | | | |
|--------|----|----|----|
| XVIII. | f, | I; | c. |
| XIX. | f, | c; | D. |
| XX. | M, | j; | k. |

Solution of No. 1,223



NOTES

2. IVOR inside carnIVORe; 6. bell clappers; 19. Cow & Gate milk; 21. leader = first letter; 23. John Peel.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: R. P. Bolton (Prenton); 2nd prize: The Archdeacon of St. Albans; 3rd prize: J. W. Phillips (Glasgow, N.W.)

CROSSWORD RULES.—(1) Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and should be marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. (2) Clues are not normally given for words of two letters. There are no capricious traps. Each competitor is allowed to submit only one solution, but legitimate alternatives are accepted. (3) Collaborators may send in only a single joint solution. (4) Subject to the above rules the senders of the first three correct solutions opened are awarded a book token of the values specified. (5) In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

LEISURE is well spent in reading for a DEGREE!

● One of today's problems is that of making the best use of leisure hours. To those who are studiously inclined we suggest that spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree: not merely for the material advantages, but also for the widening of outlook and development of mental abilities. Moreover, under experienced and sympathetic guidance studying *at home* becomes a pleasurable occupation.

● London University Degrees are open to all. You need not attend the University. All that is necessary is to pass three examinations (in some cases, two). You may study for these in your own time and wherever you are.

● Wolsey Hall Postal Courses for these examinations are conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors. The Courses comprise Lessons, Test Papers, Model answers, correction of your work and solution of all difficulties, by your tutors. A Guarantee is given that, in the event of failure, tuition will be continued free. Fees may be spread over the period of the Course. More than 17,000 Successes at London University Examinations, 1925-52.

● Write for PROSPECTUS to C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Director of Studies, Dept. FE24,

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

You are Judged by YOUR ENGLISH

You are judged by the way you speak and write.

Improve your English quickly by post—the Regent Institute way. Many students say that the moderate fee charged for the Effective English Course is the best investment they have ever made. The tuition is so planned that you make noticeable progress within a few hours.

Write today for a copy of
"WORD MASTERY"
—and a 15-Minute Test

Send a 2½d. stamp today to The Regent Institute (Dept. Z/391J), Palace Gate, London, W.8, for an interesting 15-Minute Test (with key) and "Word Mastery" (an informative prospectus).

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

Founder: WM. BRIGGS, LL.D., D.C.L., M.A., B.Sc. Principal: CECIL BRIGGS, M.A., M.C.

Home Study Courses

● U.C.C. provides courses of instruction for London University Entrance, and the Intermediate and Degree examinations, M.A., Post-Graduate Certificate in Education, Diplomas in Public Administration, Social Studies, and other Diplomas and Certificates. Tuition is also given for the General Certificate of Education (Ordinary and Advanced Levels) London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern Universities, and others, Teachers' Diplomas, Civil Service, Local Govt., Professional Prelim., Law, etc. The College, founded in 1887, is an Educational Trust, with a staff of highly qualified Tutors who are specialists in their subjects. Fees are moderate and may be paid by instalments.

★ Write for free PROSPECTUS of U.C.C. Courses to the Registrar,
56 BURLINGTON HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE

An English
Coxswain



Treasurer:
His Grace The Duke of Northumberland.

HIS LIFE AND YOURS

depend upon first-class equipment—which costs money. You can help the lifeboatman to keep up his great tradition of service. Send your contribution, however small, to

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

42, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1

Secretary:
Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., M.A.

WANTED

Shorthand-typists are required for well-paid posts everywhere. Pitman's Shorthand plus the highly successful Pitman method of tuition will make you the person who gets the well-paid job.

General Certificate of Education is of vital importance to you if you have ambition. The Pitman Home Study Course will guarantee you success in the examination and qualify you for a better job.

Other Courses include Accountancy: Art: Book-keeping: Foreign Languages: Typewriting: Wireless Engineering: Short Story Writing.

Pitman's give expert tuition by post. Resources are unlimited in preparing the best courses at the most moderate fees. Easy payment scheme; lending library facilities in Great Britain; proficiency diploma awarded at completion of course.

FREE prospectus for any of these courses may be obtained by cutting out the advertisement and licking the course in which you are interested. Write your name and full address clearly, and post in unsealed envelope bearing 1½d. stamp to:

**PITMAN
CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE**

296 Pitman House, Godalming, Surrey

OF INTEREST TO YOU!

Whether you have a daughter living away from home, in need of a comfortable, reasonable place to live... or whether you have at heart the welfare of thousands of young women students and workers, in equal need... your help is urgently required to enable us to build more Y.W.C.A. Hostels.

PLEASE SEND A DONATION NOW TO:

YWCA

Hon. Treasurer (L),
National Offices,
Bedford House,
108, Baker Street,
London, W.1.

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College Modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical, and the most convenient means of preparation for the General Certificate of Education examination: B.Sc. Econ.; LL.B.; and other external London University Degrees, Civil Service, Local Government and Commercial Examinations, &c.

Also expert postal tuition for Prelim. Exams. and for the professional exams in Accountancy, Secretaryship, Law, Sales Management, &c. and many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in commercial subjects.

More than 70,000 POST-WAR EXAM. SUCCESSSES
Guarantee of Coaching until Successful.
Text-book lending library. Moderate fees, payable by instalments.

Write today for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary (D/I).

**METROPOLITAN COLLEGE
ST ALBANS**

or call 30 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4.

TAKE UP PELMANISM For Progress and Prosperity



PELMANISM is a working course in Practical Psychology directed to the needs of the average man and woman. The Pelman Course is based on over 50 years' intensive study and experience in dealing with the difficulties, fears, aspirations and ambitions of more than 750,000 people of all ages and occupations.

You would like your affairs to prosper and your income to increase. Pelmanism will help you to achieve this and will enable you to develop that zest for living which comes with an awakened mind; also with quickened mental powers, your awakened ability will enable you to enjoy those purchasable pleasures that come with extra money. The Pelman Training is scientific, precise and individual.

Reduced fees for members of Her Majesty's Forces

The Pelman Course is fully described in "The Science of Success," which will be sent you, gratis and post free. Write to-day.

POST THIS FREE COUPON TO-DAY.....

To the Pelman Institute, 82, Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.

Name.....
Address.....

"The Science of Success" please

2 hours heat for 1d.

BURNS 42 HOURS WITHOUT REFILLING
MORRIS portable odourless Cabinet Heater incorporating the MORRIS vent system of heat distribution

A large volume of warm air is quickly circulated throughout a room of 1,500-2,000 cu. ft., ensuring a cosy, even temperature.

★ Capacity of fuel container, 7 pts. of paraffin.
★ Average consumption, 48 hours to 1 gallon.
★ Hours burning, 42 hours on one filling.
★ Size, 26½" x 15½" x 7½" deep.
★ Morris blue flame burner.
A modern attractive appearance finished in antique gold or gold.

OUR SPECIALITY. Every space heater is specifically designed to give the widest possible distribution of heat.

YOUR SAFEGUARD. Our experience as portable Space Heating Specialists for over 21 years.

MORRIS HEATING APPLIANCES LTD.
(Dept. L), Morris House, 74, York Rd., Battersea, London, S.W.11
Battersea 3312



Type 'B' Vent (as shown)
Price £10.10s.0d.
Type 'D' Vent, similar in design but with larger body, oil container and burner
Price £14.10s.0d.